

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1258.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1841.

PRICE 8d.

Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Corse de Leon; or, the Brigand. A Romance.
By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo.
London, 1841. Longman and Co.

BEFORE we say a word of this true romance, we will beg leave to notice a romantic truth which is expressed in the dedication to the King of the Belgians; for whenever we meet the fact that royalty is so well aware of its best attributes as to patronise and encourage literature, and that literature feels and acknowledges the cheering influence, it is a heartfelt pleasure to us to hold forth the example and offer our humble co-operation towards the tribute paid. To King Leopold, amongst other things, Mr. James (himself so honoured in literature as to make a compliment from him acceptable even to a king) says:—

"It would occupy too much space to dwell upon all those matters in which your majesty's own mind is perceptible; but when I see all that you have done to honour genius, to encourage literature and the arts, both in your own and other countries; when I look to the admirable arrangement and preservation of the archives of your realm, and the efforts made to obtain every document which has escaped the destructive power of time and political convulsions, I may well feel, as a literary man and a historian, not only admiration but gratitude. Nor when I find the same continuous efforts, made under various ministries, to ascertain the causes and diminish the amount of crime, to mitigate punishment while vice is repressed, and to lead to virtue by enlightening and instructing the people, can I help feeling veneration, as a lover of my fellow-creatures, for him who has so steadily pursued such a great and noble object. On the beneficent influence which your majesty may have exerted by your wise and prudent counsels upon the fate and policy of other states, it does not become me to touch. It is sufficient that, wherever I turn my eyes in your own dominions, I see the most enlightened efforts to promote commerce and the arts, the great sources of national prosperity and national glory, and to foster industry and virtue, the only sure grounds of national happiness. Many men may combine to carry such designs into execution; but they cannot exist in a country where they are not powerfully directed by the sovereign himself."

Now, having acquitted our conscience, to *Corse de Leon*. It is a genuine historical romance—so real that it is history, and so full of strange adventure that it is romance. The characters are those we know well from the annals of France; and it is only by the skill of the writer that they are involved in the interesting series of action on which he builds his unflagging story. Henry II., the Maréchal Brissac, the Maréchal Vieilleville, and others, are revived only to speak and act as they would have done under the same circumstances; whilst *Corse de Leon*, the brigand of Savoy; Bertrand de Rohau, the hero; Isabel de Brienne, the heroine; the treacherous, traitorous Lord of Masseran; his infamous tool, Geronimo; the Count of Meyrand; and, above all, Father Willand,—are coloured to the very acme of fiction, still consisting with probability and

nature. One would absolutely fancy that Mr. James had lived between Paris and Savoy in 1558-9; and had by his metempsychosis risen in another form, at the end of nearly three centuries, to tell us all about them.

Intrigue, plot, single encounter, conflict, siege, assault, suspicion, trial, escape, conspiracy, tournament, court,—what is there belonging to the age which we have not painted with a striking pencil? We fairly state that we cannot discover a deficiency. The wild power of *Leon* is not inconsistent with the actual records of the times; and the character of the monk is one of the author's happiest portraits. It is worthy of being framed next to that of Friar Tuck, to whose family it bears some resemblance, though moving in a higher frame.

But having thus generalised the work before us we come to our usual difficulty in regard to its class—how can we make its parts known to our readers without compromising the delight they will feel in perusing them in the author's own language? We must let imperfection do what it can, and merely quote two or three passages to stand for suites of rooms, centres of wings, and edifices. We will try an illustration of the brigand:—

"*Corse de Leon* saw that notwithstanding the reasons he gave, Bernard de Rohau was not well pleased with even the short delay that he proposed. He was not one who loved long explanations of any kind, but he could feel for an impatient disposition, and he added, as if in reply to his companion's look, 'It cannot be otherwise: I have had to send a four hours' journey for the horses, and they cannot be here till night, though the messenger has been absent now near two hours. You would make no greater speed by going back to the inn. Come in, sit down, then, rest you and bear what is unavoidable, as patiently as may be; for—though half the difference between great men and little ones in this world lies in their judgment of what can be done and what cannot be done, and though half the things men despair of are as easy as to drink from a stream—yet, nevertheless, there are things that are impossible, and in those cases it is useless to struggle.' Thus saying, he led the young nobleman into the house, the door of which had remained unclosed. Though Bernard de Rohau could hear several voices speaking in one of the rooms as he walked along the passage, it was into a small vacant chamber, on the left-hand side, that *Corse de Leon* conducted him. The windows commanded a view down a considerable part of the valley, but still the aspect of the whole place was so undefended and unguarded, that the young cavalier, knowing the state of hostility with the great and powerful in which *Corse de Leon* lived, could not help feeling some surprise at his choosing such an abode. 'Are you not,' he said, gazing from the window,— 'are you not in a sadly exposed situation here? Why the Lord of Masseran, or any other of those small tyrants, could attack you at any time without the possibility of your escape.' 'You are mistaken,' replied *Corse de Leon*, shortly: 'before he came within two leagues of me, I should know his whole proceedings, and either scatter over the hill, and

reach coverts, which it were wiser to search for the deer or the chamois than for *Corse de Leon*; or else offer the good lord some hospitality on his coming, which he might neither be willing to receive, nor able to return. We have resources that you are not aware of, and neither he nor any one else knows more of them than to make him fear.' 'That you yourself have infinite resources in your activity and experience,' replied Bernard de Rohau, 'I can easily believe; but depend upon it, if you were to trust the guidance of such hazardous matters to other men, they would soon be overthrown.' 'Not so, not so,' replied his companion; 'I know the contrary. Twice, for ends and objects of my own, I have traversed all France, leaving my men behind me; and though, perhaps, not quite so busy as when I am here—ay, and somewhat cruel and disorderly when left to their own course—no evil has happened to themselves. I am now about to do the same, and I do it in all confidence.' 'Do you propose to go soon?' demanded Bernard de Rohau, in some surprise. 'Ay,' replied the brigand, 'soon enough to meet you in Paris some day, perchance, or even to overtake you on the road; and as we now talk about those things, let me caution you never to speak to me unless I speak to you: then take the tone that I take, whether it be one of strangeness or of former acquaintance. Recollect, too, that there is no such person as *Corse de Leon* beyond the frontiers of Savoy, but that in many a part of France the Chevalier Lenoir is known, and not badly esteemed.' 'I will be careful,' replied the young lord. 'But now, my good friend, tell me whither has my poor Isabel directed her steps.' 'First to Grenoble,' replied *Corse de Leon*, 'in the hope of finding her brother there; but should she not meet with him, she goes thence at once to throw herself at the feet of the king.' 'But are you perfectly certain,' demanded Bernard de Rohau, 'that she has escaped from the pursuit of this base man who has married her mother?' 'Perfectly,' replied *Corse de Leon*; 'I saw her cross the frontier yesterday myself. Besides, as I told you before, the Lord of Masseran himself is absent, carried by fears, regarding the discovery of his own treachery, into the very jaws of the lion, power. Power is the only true basilisk. Its eyes are those alone in this world which can fascinate the small things hovering round it to drop into its mouth. But the lady is safe. Be satisfied, and you can well overtake her ere she reaches Grenoble. I bade them send back a man to tell me, if she found not her brother there; for as I am going to Paris also, I thought perchance it might be better to keep near her on the road, and bring her help in case she needed it. But your own men are enough, I do not doubt, and I can but take few with me, if any.' 'But is it not dangerous,' said the young nobleman, 'for you to travel immediately after receiving so severe an injury?' 'Dangerous!' said *Corse de Leon*: 'Oh, there is danger in such things! I do believe these mountains that I love will crush me at last; for twice have I escaped almost by a miracle. But it is this injury, as you call it, that has determined me to go now. I can be

of but little active use here till I can climb a rock again, and use this left arm as well as the right. No man has a title to remain an hour in idleness, whatever be his calling. Sleep itself I do not rightly understand: it is a lapse in the active exertion of our being which is very strange, a sort of calm pool in the midst of a torrent: I suppose it is solely for the body's sake. There could have been no sleep before death came into the world; for, not being subject to decay, the earthly frame could require no refreshment, any more than the spirit. However, as I was saying, idle and inactive drones pretend that they must have rest and pause: if the head aches or the hand is hurt, they declare that they can neither think nor labour; but the wise man and the energetic man makes his spirit like that monstrous serpent which I have heard of, and which, when one head was smitten off, produced at once another. If a man cannot walk, he can ride; if a man's right arm be broken, let him use his left; if his eyes be put out, his ears will hear but the better—let him use them. Our manifold senses are but manifold capabilities; and if the mind is debarr'd from using one of its tools, it must use another. No man need want employment for the senses, the limbs, and the means that he has left, if he chooses to seek for it. For a while I shall be of no good upon the mountain, and therefore I am going to the city. Some time or another I must go, and therefore I may as well go now. But here comes the old woman with my mess of food. You must take some with me. No one knows better than she does how to cook the chamois, or the venison, or to roast the shining trout in the ashes, or the snow fowl over the fire; and as for wine, the cellar of an archbishop, or of a prior of a monastery, could not give you better than this lonely house can produce. Nay, nay, shake not your head, you must eat and drink, let your impatience be what it may: every man needs strength; and that we should take food is a condition of our flesh and blood.' In conversation of this kind passed away the hours, Bernard de Rohan and his strange companion remaining almost altogether alone; though once, two young men, dressed like herdsmen, came to the door of the room, and, leaning against the door-posts, addressed to Corse de Leon a few words, apparently of no great import, and upon ordinary subjects, but to which Bernard de Rohan imagined some occult meaning was attached. At length, much to the satisfaction of the young cavalier, a perceptible shade of twilight came over the valley, along which the shadows of the hills had been creeping for some time. The twilight grew greyer and more grey, and Bernard de Rohan rose and walked to the window, with his impatience for the arrival of the horses increasing every moment. Corse de Leon was looking at him with a slight smile when he turned round; but in a few minutes after the brigand rose, left the room, and returned with the two young men whom Bernard de Rohan had seen before. They were now loaded, however, with various kinds of arms and habiliments of different sorts, which seemed to have been gathered from many a quarter of the earth. These were spread out, some upon the table and some on the floor; and this being performed without a word, those who bore them retired, only appearing again to furnish the chamber with a light. Corse de Leon glanced his eye to the young cavalier, and then gazed upon the pile with a somewhat cynical smile. 'This seems to be an abundant harvest,' said Bernard de Rohan, whose doubts as to the means employed to procure

such rich habiliments were many. 'You say true,' replied the brigand; 'but you must remember, we are many reapers. This has been going on, too, for very many years, so that you will find here garments of various ages and of different nations. Look here,' he continued, taking up a black velvet surcoat, richly embroidered with gold. 'This is a coat cut in the fashion of forty or fifty years ago, and belonged to some fat Englishman, who doubtless came over to France with that arch heretic and bloodmonger Henry, who has not been many years dead. Then, depend upon it, he would see foreign countries, and go to Italy, and has left part of his fine wardrobe here behind him in the mountains.' 'An unwilling legacy, I should think,' replied Bernard de Rohan. 'Yes,' answered the brigand; 'but that is not a shot-hole you are looking at so curiously. Our traditions say, I believe—for we have our traditions—that the good gentleman got safe home, though somewhat thinner of purse and scantier in apparel than when he came away. However, choose yourself out some quiet suit that will not attract attention, for you must not go riding through France like a Savoyard peasant. There, that black hat and feather, which would become some sober student of Padua, making his first effort to look the cavalier. Then there is that stout buff coat I would recommend, with black loops and borders. Ay, it is somewhat heavy, but there is a secret in that: dagger or sword-point will not well make its way through the jacked doublings of those hides, and a pistol ball would strike but faintly, even if it did pass. Then there are those horsemen's boots: they will be no bad addition to the rest. That long sharp sword, too, in the black sheath, will suit the hat, and none the less fit the hand: it is true Toledo. Now, seek for two daggers somewhat like it, and a pair of pistols for the saddle-bow. By the Lord that lives, if the horse they bring be but a grey Spanish charger, with a tail longer than ordinary, they will take you for some one who has been studying the black art at Salamanca, or, perhaps, for some lay officer of the Inquisition in disguise.—Is the coat large enough? Oh, ay! it fits well. Now for a cloak to match.' With the assistance of his companion, Bernard de Rohan fitted himself with new garments, which somewhat disguised, but did not ill become, his powerful form. After he had done, the brigand opened the mouth of a little sack which had been brought with the rest, saying, 'Take what you will: you can repay me hereafter.' The young cavalier, however, took no more of the gold pieces which appeared shining within than was absolutely necessary."

This is a long extract, but we cannot part with the book without another, *anent* the man:—

"Men (says he) are easily condemned in France, it is true; but you were born for better things than to die a dog's death. However, to the Châtelet you must go, that is clear enough: and now listen to me; there are two sorts of comforts in this world: one consists in fine airy rooms, good dishes, and soft sleeping; the other, in having to do with kindly hearts, though they may shew themselves in rough forms. By bribes and civil speeches to the governor of the Châtelet, you may get him to put you up-stairs in the great tower, and there you may get food of a better kind by paying for every mouthful; but if you would take my advice, you would refuse all such extortions, treat the governor as a small knave, and let him put you, if he will, in one of the com-

mon cells. He dare not put you in the *ou-bliettes*, or the *cradle*, or the *End-of-ease*, or any of those dungeons where a prisoner may live fifteen days, but no longer; for he knows the matter will be inquired into. When I lived in Paris, many a time I used to visit the prisoners in the Châtelet, to give them the best consolation that a poor mortal like themselves could give, by telling them of things above mortality. I found that, though the turnkeys of the higher prison were held to be in station above the others, yet that the common gaoler, Bertrand Saar, though in shape, look, and voice, more like a bear than a man, was warm and kind of heart, and not without a stock of comfort for all occasions. With him you will be better than the others, especially if you tell him that you have an humble friend in Father Willand. 'But farewell, farewell, my son, here comes the prévôt. Bear up, bear up, dear lady, we shall see better times yet.'

He endeavours with the king to get mercy for the prisoner, and the colloquy runs thus:—

"Let the sentence be at once confirmed," said the king. 'My determination is taken,—my mind made up, Francis.' 'I beg your gracios pardon, sire,' said Father Willand, interposing, 'but before you pronounce finally, hear me too. Your royal son has spoken as becomes a prince; your daughter has sued as a woman, and I come to talk as a priest.' 'I believe, under such circumstances, my good father,' said Henry, with a faint smile, 'you ought, according to rule, to send me your admonitions through one of my chaplains.' 'What, trust a purse with a pickpocket!' exclaimed the priest; his usual jesting bitterness mingling strangely with the tone of deep feeling in which he spoke. 'No, no, sire; the admonitions would slip through their fingers by the way. Whenever your majesty wants to do a real act of charity, do it yourself; don't trust to an almoner. I, in my priestly capacity, do as I would have you to do in your kingly one, and, therefore, I beseech you hear my admonitions from my own mouth; I would not have them tainted by the breath of any other man.' 'Well, well, speak then,' replied the king. 'It shall never be said that I refused to hear. What have you to say in this youth's favour, why the law of the land should not take its course?' 'In his favour I have very little to say,' replied the priest; 'for, indeed, there is very little to be said in the favour of any living man. We are all pups of one litter, blind and stupid when we are young, and snarling and vicious when we are old: but what I have to say is a warning to your majesty. What will you think of yourself and your present obstinacy should this young man not be guilty? If, entertaining doubts of his being the real person who did the deed, as I know you do, you resist all prayers and entreaties in his favour, and send him to the scaffold, what will be your feelings should you afterwards find out that he was not the man? How will you reproach yourself, then?' 'The impartial judges of the land,' replied Henry, somewhat sternly, 'have pronounced him guilty. If there be a fault, the fault is theirs, not mine.' 'Think you, sire,' said the priest, 'that in purgatory those judges will make you a low bow, and beg to have your share of fire as well as their own? With whom, sire,' he continued in a still bolder voice, '—with whom rests the power to save or to destroy? and why is that power trusted by God unto a king? Inasmuch, and solely inasmuch, as it is needful to have one to moderate the rigour of the law. The law must entertain no doubt. It either acquits or it

condemns; but still reason may have a doubt, and it is for that that kings are invested with the glorious privilege of mercy. I tell you, sire, that, more than at any other time, you prove the divine origin of your power when you exercise it to save; for, in communicating to you the means of shewing mercy, God himself gave you a share of his brightest attribute. If, I say, if you have no doubt of his guilt, send him to the scaffold; for your firm conviction, as an upright judge, shall justify you in the eye of Heaven. But if, after having first heard the cause yourself, and read every word of the evidence that has been given, you do entertain a doubt, exercise the right of shewing mercy, or prepare for long and bitter self-reproach in this world, and for the punishment of blood-guiltiness in the next." "Your words are very bold, priest," replied the king, sharply; "and this scene must never be repeated."

Home Sketches and Foreign Recollections. By Lady Chatterton, author of "Rambles in the South of Ireland," "A Good Match," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Saunders and Otley.

PURITY, gracefulness, and a fine feminine perception of the surrounding world, whether animate or inanimate, are the qualities which have recommended Lady Chatterton's preceding works to popularity, and which pre-eminently characterise her present publication. In its topics it is most desultory, and, sooth to say, unconnected by any tie except the feelings of the writer. Home scenery, recollections of infancy, fanciful associations of ideas, reflections on various topics, axiomatic remarks, Irish legends, Italian romances, Scottish superstitions, foreign tours, anecdotes, and criticisms, alternate, or mingle together certainly in "admired confusion," for the merits of each present strong claims to our approbation. The three volumes are, in truth, a miscellany of polite literature, embracing a great variety of topics, and seasoned throughout with an amiable and sweetly religious spirit; and of such a production we can only pretend to afford a notion by touching on a few of its fair features, as specimens of the whole, leaving the larger pieces (which are intractable for a review within our compass) to the readers to whom we trust they will be introduced even by the limited influence of this notice. We begin with an apology for authorship, not needed by Lady Chatterton, and offering a new and amusing view of the subject:—

"I adore (she says) a library, and should be glad to think that some volumes of my thoughts might slumber on its dusty shelves. Yes; even if they were never read, it seems to me a pleasant sort of tomb for the mind—an appropriate abode of repose for the best and most genuine part of ourselves. To publish our thoughts and writings is often considered presumptuous; but surely without reason, for no one is obliged to read our productions if they do not like. To talk is not reckoned presumptuous; yet, if we consider well, there is, in reality, more presumption in doing so than in writing. I have never been able to enjoy the pleasure which many experience in uttering their real thoughts and feelings. The idea that my conversation will bore people haunts me, and continually shuts my mouth. But I never feel this when writing, because I know that no one need read a word if they do not choose. Our best friends may tell us they have not read our books, and run no risk of being considered rude; but who could safely refuse to listen to our uttered thoughts, or venture to betray im-

patience and inattention? I have therefore great pleasure in writing, because I feel that people may most independently throw down my book whenever they like. Another liberty, too, which friends and the public may take with authors, is, that they may abuse their books,—a liberty which can seldom be ventured on in conversation. And yet it is called presumptuous to write—to do a thing which entails no forbearance, no ceremony, no annoyance on any one! I do not mean by this to imply that I am at all insensible to the fate of my writings: on the contrary, I have no wish to hear or see my works neglected or abused; but still, if either of these two evils happen to me, I must derive consolation from the reflection that it is better to endure than to have lived on in continual dumbness. An author generally receives but little praise from his own relations and those who have lived much with him, because they have generally been deceived in his character. The most common motive which actuates amateur writers is a desire for sympathy—a longing to be more fully understood. The very circumstance of writing shews that the person who does so has something within which cannot manifest itself in other ways. Those characters which have been fully understood and appreciated in early life, seldom take the trouble to write, or, indeed, to aim at excellence in any particular pursuit. This observation may be applied in some degree, also, to amateur painters and musicians. Now, no one likes to have been deceived in the characters of those whom they have known from childhood; and, therefore, a person who gives utterance, either in writing, painting, or music, to ideas which had been a long time concealed, is sure to cause a feeling of humiliation to those who have been deceived in him. Some people do not discover, till late in life, how to express their sentiments, while others are able to do so in early youth. Some never! And yet I believe many feel at times, as Rogers expresses so beautifully, that

'Passions that slept are stirring in his frame;
'Thoughts undiaped, feelings without a name!
And some not here called forth may slumber on
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone;
Lying too deep for things which perish here,
Waiting for life but in a nobler sphere.'

All these wishes to be understood, to develop our feelings, and make them plain to others, may be very foolish. But we cannot help clinging to the hope that even if those who seem to have known us intimately do not comprehend us, our writings may still procure sympathy for us among total strangers."

An anecdote told by Mrs. Fox, the widow of the celebrated Charles, comes next upon our references:—

"Over the large antique chair in which the old lady sat, there hangs a beautiful picture by Sir J. Reynolds: it is of a young and cunning-looking girl, holding in her hand a trap with a mouse in it. She appears to enjoy the disappointed anxiety of a cat, who is endeavouring to get at the little prisoner. 'That picture,' said Mrs. Fox, 'was painted for the French ambassador; and when he was obliged to go away on account of that horrible revolution, Mr. Fox bought it. It has been in the possession of no one else.' The cunning and intellectual expression of the girl's face, she used to think strongly resembled a pretty daughter of Lord S.—; she was a very quick, clever child, and his natural daughter. A gentleman asked her one day by what name they called her, and on her replying that it was 'Drake,' he said, 'Oh, I shall remember that, for it is so like duck!' The girl tossed her pretty

head, and asked, 'And pray, what name do they call you?'—'My name,' said he, 'is Porter.' 'Oh, then, I shall remember that, because it's so like beer!'"

After describing a nunnery near Kilkenny, we meet with the following just remark:—

"It is astonishing how seldom we meet with any awkward shyness in people who live totally retired from the world, and excluded from all refined society, if they are employed in some useful vocation. They have the natural tact of goodness, which seems to supply the place of acquired habits of worldly civility, and is to me highly interesting."

But an Irish legend is, we rejoice to say (short enough to be), within our bounds:—

"Clewe Castle* belonged formerly to the Fitzgeralds, and is now fallen to ruin in a very peculiar manner. The four corners of its large square tower are rent asunder; and through the fissures thus formed, the wind howls with a strange unearthly sound. A wild legend, which I give as related to me, accounts for this peculiarity of its destruction in the following manner:—The last Baron Fitzgerald to whom it belonged, gave one night a splendid feast within its walls. He was boasting of his wealth, and of the uninterrupted prosperity which his family had enjoyed for many generations, when a person describing herself as a poor widow, came to the door and begged for charity. Fitzgerald repelled her with disdain, and angrily reproved her for interrupting his enjoyment. The widow immediately assumed the form of a banshee—that well-known apparition, which always foreboded death to one of the ancient family of Fitzgerald. The baron and his guests trembled at the sight, and their mirth was turned into sadness. But after a few minutes, Fitzgerald gazed steadfastly on the supernatural being, who still remained under the great gateway of the banquetting-hall, and said to his companions, 'Let not your hearts be sad; if my hour is come, I will die bravely, as my fathers have done.' 'You will not die as your fathers did,' said the banshee, 'for they fell on the battle-field, and their spirits now dwell with God; because during their lives they were ever mindful of the poor. No beggar was ever turned from their doors; and, therefore, a blessing attended them and their possessions. Proud baron! your hour draws near, and I came to try your heart. If I had found it open to charity, your race would have continued long to enjoy its ancient greatness; but now that you have proved unworthy, you shall miserably perish! This castle, under whose splendid roof you have forgotten that the poor dwelt without, exposed to the howling tempest—this proud castle shall be rent asunder; and, as long as the world lasts, its ruined halls shall remain open to the four winds of heaven!' So saying, the banshee disappeared in a loud clap of thunder—the castle was struck by lightning, and the great tower, which contained the banquetting-room, was torn asunder at the four corners. The roof fell in upon the baron and his guests, and thus perished the last of that powerful branch of Fitzgeralds, or Geraldines, as they were generally called."

In the second volume, we find Lady Chatterton gravely stating that poor Keats was killed by a review; which absurdity we thought had been sufficiently refuted; but this shews us the truth of the saying, that it is only necessary to repeat a falsehood often enough to have it

* Clewe Castle, Woolstock, &c. &c., remind us that these volumes are adorned by some charming landscapes from the pencil of the accomplished author.—Ed. L. G.

first received, and ultimately credited. The amiable poet died but too prematurely of a long settled consumption; which preyed upon him when acting as boyish assistant to an eminent practitioner in Sloane Street. But we pass this mistake to offer a short example of Lady Chatterton's grave reflections, giving evidence of a highly cultivated mind:—

"Most of us contrive to find in Scripture a text to prove any favourite doctrine. Some people are clever enough to discover a commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not dance,' for they seem to think it the most heinous sin; while another set contrives to find 'Thou shalt jump';—but, oh! let us be charitable, and not despise any faith. May God bless all sects, and all denominations of Christians; may He shed his enlightening beams on those of other religions too, and pardon those who have none!"

"February 26.—I have just been reading some poems, which I find, with horror and dismay, are written by an infidel. It is rather curious that as I turn to this diary, in order to record some of the indignant feelings those poems have excited, I find the last words I wrote was a prayer that God would pardon those who have no religion. Yet I felt extremely angry with the poet; his reasoning is quite false; yet still any thing of that sort is dangerous to the weak-minded and vacillating Christian. It is dreadful to think that any one who has had the advantages of education should be a disbeliever; and yet it is not strange, for knowledge and genius beget that pride of intellect which will not bow down to the mysteries of religion:—

"'Tis immortality deciphers man,
And opens all the mysteries of his make;
Without it, half his instincts are a riddle—
Without it all his virtues are a dream.
His very crimes attest his dignity,
His satiate thirst of pleasure, gold and fame,
Declares him born for blessings infinite;
Man's misery alone declares him born for bliss,
Nothing this world unriddles but the next."

YOUNG'S Night Thoughts.

"De sa propre splendeur Dieu se voile à la terre,
Et ce n'est qu'à travers la nuit et le mystère
Que l'œil peut voir le jour, l'homme la vérité."

Yet it seems wonderful that the mind of a real poet, of a being so alive to the beauties of nature, should have been totally insensible to the beauty of our Christian revelation, and the sublime sentiments it contains. What a mist of prejudice must have blinded him, that he neither saw, nor felt, nor was touched by the truth and divinity which breathes in every word of our glorious Scriptures—those Scriptures of which De la Martine says,

"Deux mille ans épuisent leurs sagesse frivoles
N'ont pu dementir une de tes paroles!"

"In the 'Life of Wilberforce,' it is said of Scott's novels, 'Never scarcely did he lay down these fascinating volumes without repeating his complaint, that they should have so little moral or religious object. They remind me,' said he, 'of a giant spending his strength in cracking nuts. I would rather go to render up my accounts at the last day carrying with me 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' than bearing the load of all those volumes, full as they are of genius.' I do not quite agree with Wilberforce in this, but still it is true that there is not any great religious tendency in Scott's writings. This I think is because they are the offspring of a mind, certainly not irreligious, but too innately good to feel the habitual necessity of religion to keep it in order. Some few characters there are, even in this evil world, who seem so well disposed, as scarcely to require the curb of religion. It is difficult for them to compre-

hend the absolute necessity of being guided in all things by the precepts of the Gospel, and therefore they do not see the great importance of instilling these precepts into the minds of others."

There is much philosophy here; but what will the severely religious say to the measurement of their piety by their bad dispositions and wickedness? "O'Neill's Daughter" has some points so original that we cannot resist copying the story connected with the remains of Shane Castle on Loch Neagh:—

"This terrace and the gardens (Lady C. writes) are well kept, as Lord O'Neill occupies a temporary residence in the grounds. A little roguish-looking old man, who shewed us over the place, gave the following account of its destruction:—There is a fairy of the lake, called Nil Rue, and the queen of all the fairies in Ulster was she; and from the time old Ireland first came up out of the sea—long life to its honor!—Nil Rue had dominion over its blue waters of Loch Neagh. She was very jealous of any body's approaching too near, or building houses, or even cultivating the land, close to the shore. Now, the family of O'Neill was powerful and great, and they had possessions all over Ulster; as well they might, seeing how celebrated they are in our old history. So O'Neill was determined to build a fine castle on the lake, and sure enough he did so; but Nil Rue was angry, and vowed she would have vengeance in the end; though out of regard to the bravery of O'Neill, she would leave them undisturbed for four centuries, till she saw how they continued to bear the prosperity God gave them. So, Nil Rue and the O'Neills were friends like together, only she always appeared with her red hood and blue cloak when any of the family was going to die; and then 'twas said, she grinned with delight, and you might hear her laugh to the other side of the lake, all over Lord Massereene's fine place—the Lord save us! There was a beautiful child of the O'Neills, a little girl, that was as fair as the day; and the lord and lady doated down upon her, more than any o' their fine boys; and they took more care upon her, for the good women had foretold strange things about her, and they was always afraid to lave her out o' their sight. The little girl was very fond o' flowers, and she would run after any new one she see, like a pretty butterfly that's just born. One day, the family was travelling from here to another o' their fine castles, and as they stopped for a bit on the shore o' the lake, near that big bog, as you might see over yonder if the fine trees had'n't grown and hid it. The little girl ran and picked one o' them white fairy flowers as grows on the bogs; now, as ill luck would have it, this was Nil Rue's own garden, and them white flowers was her special favourites—she watered them every morning with the tears of her enemies. The child had plucked a great many before Nil Rue had perceived what she was about; but when she seed her favourites, she cried out with a shriek, that sounded over all the four corners of the lake, and every body thought the day of judgment itself was come. And sure it was the day o' judgment to the poor child, for she never lived in this world o' flesh and blood to see another. That very night she was whipped up out of her fine silken cradle, and taken off by Nil Rue to the good people; and nobody knew what had become of her but her nurse, who suspected that no good could happen to the child when she found that it had picked the fairy flowers on the bog. The Lord be merciful to our sinful souls! Now the queen o' the fairies was not satisfied

wi' taking away the beautiful child from its doating parents; but what does she do but poison the little innocent's mind, and brings her up to hate the family of O'Neill. She invents all manner o' black sayings agin them, never letting the babe know that she was a lawful daughter o' that honoured race—long life to it!—and she too young to remember any thing about it. So the girl grows up, and Nil Rue only waited for a fitting opportunity to finish her vengeance on the O'Neills. Well, about this time, that is to say, when the daughter o' the house had come to years o' discretion—that is, as would have been if she had been like one of us mortals, instead o' living underneath the waters yonder, as they say she did, in fine coral houses, all paved with the dead men's bones as was drowned in the lake, and with only fishes to attend upon her, and teach her human manners and learning! Well, as I said before, when she was about twenty-one, the earl her father began to build this fine terrace as we now stand upon, and those grand new rooms and conservatories wi' the flowers in 'em under glass. 'Well,' says Nil Rue, when she seed the masons at work,—'well, if them oudashus O'Neills ain't encroaching nearer still to my dominions! I that have spared them for four hundred years, and never exterminated them entirely; well, if one stone o' that fine castle stands upon the other after this cursed night, my name is not Nil Rue!' With that she goes down straight into the blue water, and calls Alice Rue, as she had named the Christian daughter of O'Neill. 'My child,' says she, putting on one of her sweetest smiles, 'take this here lantern, and when night is come, and you see the lights burning in my enemy's castle, and when you hear the sound o' music in their halls, and the song and the dance is going on, and feasting in the banquet-room, go in among them, and set fire to the building, and burn it,—ay, burn it over their heads, and let every mother's son o' them perish in its ruins!' Now O'Neill's daughter trembled, but she had been taught to think vengeance a fine thing, and she knew no better; and so, when night came, into the castle she flies. Nobody saw her, because she did not know herself, and so she was indivisible to mortal eye. She went through the ball-room and the banquet-hall, but they looked so beautiful, and so full o' illigant ladies and gentlemen, she hadn't the heart to set fire to them. All the time Nil Rue followed her unperceived, to see that the bloody work was done; but she would not put hand to it herself, because in her malice she wished to make the punishment come upon the family from a daughter o' their own house; and after it was done, she meant to tell the unfortunate girl who she was. Well, the queen o' the fairies follows her adopted child all over the castle till they came to the kitchen. Now this was by no means so illigant as the rest; and as Alice Rue had never seen a dinner dressed before, or meat roasting at the fire, she was like thunderstruck, and begun to pity the poor birds as was dead and bleeding. Thinks she, 'Well now, they are a bloody race, these O'Neills; for sure they feed on those beautiful pheasants and partridges, that we good people would not so much as harm one o' their feathers.' Your honour knows that the good people never ate any mate, so no wonder the lady was shocked to see the carcasses of her favourites roasting afore the fire, and a great fat cook turning and twisting 'em about without any manner of reverence or commiseration. Thinks O'Neill's daughter, 'I'll do it now, and exterminate the

inhuman race!" And so saying, she set fire to a pile of linen as was airing for the strangers' beds, and in a moment the castle was in a blaze. There was no one at hand to help, as all the servants went up-stairs a-sarving the company, and not a living soul in the kitchen but the cook and the old nurse Norah, her as had nursed every one of the family till the last darlin' was taken away from them. Now when Nil Rue saw the castle fairly in a blaze, she touched O'Neill's daughter, and bid her assume her mortal shape. In a moment all the remembrance of her childhood returned, and she knew it was her own father's castle she had destroyed. "Oh, hone!" says she, finding suddenly her former Christian speech, "Oh, hone! father and mother dear, what will I do? O God! forgive me; I have murdered you all!" Now the old nurse was just at the last gasp, but when she heard her darling's voice, she looked up through the flames, and running across the burning room, she threw her arms round the poor girl's neck. "Now I die content," says she, "as I have seen my darlin' once more." "Oh, let me go—oh, save my father and mother dear!" sobs the poor girl; "sure 'tis I have murdered them entirely." "Yes, you have murdered them," says Nil Rue, with a savage grin; "they cannot escape; and as for you, the castle will fall upon you afore you can even give them a daughter's kiss!" And true enough so it did; though the noble family escaped, the castle was burnt and reduced to the ruin you now see it, and the body of the old nurse was found in the kitchen, and her arms was wound round a skeleton; and her sister, as is a wise woman, said it was the bones of O'Neill's daughter she was clinging to, that child as was lost nineteen years afore. And some believed her, and some did not. One thing is plain, it wasn't the cook, as she escaped, and so did all the other servants; so who could it be but O'Neill's lost daughter?"

And with this we must conclude our labours—labours we cannot say, but our pleasant task, in reviewing these pleasant volumes.

The Courts of Europe at the Close of the Last Century. By the late Henry Swinburne, Esq., author of "Travels in Spain, Italy," &c. Edited by Charles White, Esq., author of "The Belgic Revolution." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841. Colburn.

MR. SWINBURNE'S "Travels in Spain and Italy" were very popular in days when readers did not look so much for great political opinions, statistics, and science, in works of the kind, as for court pictures, of manners, anecdotes, and lighter literature, founded, however, on classical education and gentlemanly associations. They were penned in an easy, pleasant style; and what they wanted in depth, made up in the gaiety and intelligence of their more superficial views. Alas! they have been long "shelved," and the finest portion of their folio *fine arts*, so valued by the virtuosi of that un-remote date, may now, already, be found in old bookshops valued a few shillings.

The affection of near relatives seems to have generated the wish to revive Mr. Swinburne's memory in the public, by adding these posthumous remains to his former works. They are prefaced by a sketch of his life, from which it appears that he served government, and, amid revolutionary changes, fared worse than he, or as himself and friend, thought he should have done. This is not a very rare case; and, in the course of our time, we are pretty sure that we have met with more than one or two persons who had been, and as many more who

fancied they had been, most scandalously treated by ministers, and their subs and officials. In decently dying days, the hangman, or headman, was wont politely to beg the pardon of the lady or gentleman he was about to turn off or truncate, and the favour was very seldom refused. But widely different is the case with the executive civil power which operates upon hopes and expectations, to hang them up or cut them off for ever; it may most verbosely solicit forgiveness, but well it knows that it is never forgiven. But this is episodic; and it is only to shew, when the temper is thus offended, we need not care much for the opinions or judgment affected by a natural resentment, since even in so amiable a person as Mr. Swinburne we can find such mistaken conclusions as the following: A.D. 1801:—

"I am told there is a great jumble in the ministerial pot. The king taxes Pitt with duplicity; the Pittites complain of the speaker, &c. Never was this or any other nation in such a hobble. France at liberty to turn her victorious arms towards us; a northern confederacy; our allies all cowed; the Egyptian expedition probably failed; the ports of all the world shut against us; a French fleet out against either Egypt or the West Indies; Ireland full of inflammables; a weak administration:—this is only a partial sketch of our present situation."

The victory of the Nile, the surrender of the French army in Egypt, and, after a longer struggle, the opening of all the ports of Europe to our victorious navy and sequent trade, were the upclearing of this dreary display of the Politics of Disappointment. And what has the *Literary Gazette* to do with politics? Nothing, but to shew how insignificant they are, how futile their public professions, and how controlled by feelings, in some few honest, in the vast majority dishonest, which are hidden from those into whose ears their sentiments and counsels are poured. Give a man a place, and see how Europe clears up, and with what a ministry the country is blessed; refuse him, and the earth is darkened as by an eclipse of the sun, nothing can save us from impending destruction, and all is owing to a corrupt and contemptible administration. The world jogs on, nevertheless, with a more or less degree of partial good and evil. Just so it did in Mr. Swinburne's time, i.e. the time of these volumes, from 1774 to 1803; during which he gallops us all over the continent of Europe, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, has a somewhat of England, and ends—alas! where many a dear hope has ended—in the West Indies. But to him that is nothing now; and those most beloved by him are mouldering in a kindred dust, or by the loving that remain it is only a saddened memory. His darling son perished before him in a vessel which never reached her destination; and a terrible uncertainty long hung over her fate. We say "long," for there were weeks of doubt; and weeks of parental doubts and fears are indeed ages of misery.

Yet the more we feel in an individual case like this, the less we seem to care for the general mischances and griefs that mark the common stage of life. The single captive speaks to our hearts, but a horde of slaves affects us less forcibly. One death distinctly conceived excites our sympathies more keenly than the fate of a hundred hapless and helpless beings, rocking on their cabin pillows, dreaming of distant lands, of peace and comfort, and startled into instant mortality by the crush of heaving vessels and the rush of overwhelming waters.

The death of Louis XV. is the first event of any consequence described in these volumes; but on looking them through we do not feel, nor do we think we could communicate to our readers a feeling, for the numerous personages belonging to the French, Neapolitan, Spanish, or Austrian courts, or for those encountered at their assemblages, upon whose personalities Mr. Swinburne's observations were made. He tells us many particulars of them which are amusing; but history has taken a more impressive range since then, and they have become, many of them, the puppets and nonentities of a past generation. In other respects we have had our Grimms and inferior memoir-writers in such numbers and varieties as to have taken (to use a stage phrase) the gilt completely off his gingerbread. We shall, nevertheless, endeavour to do justice, if we can, to Mr. White's able editorship, and the staple of his principal by making a *mélange* of some of the piquant anecdotes, &c., for which we are indebted to both. Not that we will quote the rather queer story of the King of Naples and the Emperor his brother-in-law, nor one or two others, happily a *leste* modified by being told in foreign language; though by the way, this is rather a drawback upon most of the wit, as it is not every body that understands French or Italian. Our choice is, however, made of all (other) sorts:—

Neapolitan Sarcasm.—"The Abbé Galiani had the other day a religious dispute with some Italian gentlemen, in which he attempted to prove to them that the Gospel of St. Mark was an abstract of St. Matthew. After much wrangling and discussion, one of the company proposed to change the subject, and to talk of the pretty women of Naples; among others of Madame Santo Marco. 'Eh?' said the Abbé, 'à che serve? mon vi ho detto già venti volte che Santo Marco è l'epitome di San Matteo?'"

Going the whole Hog.—"When Charles the Fifth returned from Tunis, he travelled by land through Calabria and to Naples, and did much good by the road. Seeing Calabria without corn, and been told it was too mountainous and too cold for it to ripen, he ordered rye-seed to be brought from Germany. It succeeds well, and is now universal over these parts, where it is known by the name of 'Germano.' At La Cava, the town council met to consider what present they should give the emperor. Some were for pine-apples, the kernels of which are of a vast size; but the majority carried it in favour of a kind of fig, which they cover with mats in winter, and in March (the time of the emperor's passing) the fruit is very ripe, and delicious eating. The emperor received the deputies very graciously, and expressing great surprise at the fineness of the fruit at that season of the year, inquired whether they could preserve any quantity of them, and whether they were in abundance. 'Oh!' said the wise mayor, 'we have such plenty that we give them to our hogs.' 'What,' said Charles, 'to your hogs?'—then take your figs back again; and so saying, he flung a ripe one full in the face of the orator. The courtiers following the example of their sovereign, the poor deputies had their faces all besmeared, and their eyes bunged out with the fruit."

English Classicism at Rome.—"We see much of Lady Lucan and her daughters, who are very accomplished,—sing charmingly, and paint well, which she herself does likewise. There is a Lady and Miss Knight here, the

"* San Matteo is the portion of the city principally inhabited by women of bad character; hence the Abbé's bitter sarcasm."

latter a *bel esprit*, clever and learned. Her mother is quite the contrary; she is always making mistakes which are very amusing;—she addressed the bust of Numa (whom, from the termination of the name, and from the veil it wears, she took for a female), with ‘your most obedient, Mrs. Numa.’ She talks of the romantic groves where Tasso composed his ‘Ariosto,’ and of the extraordinary circumstance of a church having been erected in honour of St. John’s latter end.”*

We might make an exception from our review rule here, and state that the author, being a Roman Catholic of old family, was well received by Pope Pius VI., to whom he was presented soon after his arrival, and he says—

“He received us at the door of the apartment as he was going out to walk. Abbé Grant, who conducted us, talked so much, that the pope could not get in a word. His holiness is a very handsome, tall man, with fair hair, half white, and a ruddy face, with a turned-up nose. He speaks French, but did not to us; indeed he addressed himself entirely to Abbé Grant. A few days after, Mrs. Swinburne was presented to him, and took the children, as he came up from his devotions in the chapel of the sacrament at St. Peter’s. She made the children kiss his foot. He then held it out for her to kiss, and next day he sent her some very beautiful beads and stones of Oriental agate. He performs all his ceremonies with much grace, and appears to have practised and studied his actions before he comes out of his room. He is very proud of his legs and feet, and wears his gown short to shew them. He sits up very late, and rises early, but sleeps in the afternoon, and takes a mile walk to Ponte Molle about sunset. Abbé Grant, who generally performs the part of cicerone, or *introduc-tur* to the English, is a Scotchman, and was brought up to London as a rebel in the year 1745-6, in the same ship with Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, &c. Whilst on the voyage, a Scotch servant said to him, ‘You will be saved,’ Grant shook his head, and replied, ‘I fear not, friend.’ ‘You will,’ said the other; ‘but you will be the only one.’ Not putting any faith in the second sight of his countryman, he had no hopes, both from the inveteracy of the court party, and from his having no friends to intercede for him. By the merest chance, no proofs or witnesses appeared against him, and therefore, to his great surprise, he was acquitted. He then immediately set out for Rome, where he has resided ever since.”

Strange Story, ibid.—“A story concerning the Duke Mattei is much talked of. In rummaging over his family papers, he found, in the handwriting of one of his ancestors, a note, which gave the following *renseignement*:—‘Go to the garden, and so many feet from such a corner you will find a bronze nail driven into the wall; take it out, and behind that place you will see a bronze key, with which open a door that you will find built up so many yards north of the nail; enter this door and go down the ten steps; you will then come to another door, which the key will open, and this leads to a long gallery. You must then break open the wall at the bottom, and in a niche behind it you will discover very considerable treasures of my hiding.’ The duke went immediately to the garden; to his great joy found the nail, and set to work with great secrecy to discover the rest. By the truth of the second and third circumstances, he judged of the certainty of

the rest; and having associated proper persons, and enjoined caution and secrecy, proceeded in his excavation. Every thing answered to the directions, and when they came to the last wall they broke it down, with the full confidence that their labours would be crowned with success: when behold, in the niche was an enormous pair of horns, which the jocose ancestor had placed there.”

[Probably all the family wealth he had to leave behind him.]

An English Story of a Mr. Chamberlayn.—“He was talking of his travels in Switzerland, where, *par parenthèse*, he had never been; so some one asked him if he recollected Mont Blanc. ‘I shall not easily forget it,’ replied he, ‘for I never had such sport in my life—Nimrod the hunter, who did things in good form, never bagged such game.’ ‘Sport on Mont Blanc!’ exclaimed the other. ‘Yes.’ ‘What! chamois!’ ‘No, sir, cherubim—ah, you may well stare! But cherubim, I repeat, as sure as they and seraphim continually do cry.’ Being pressed to explain, he continued,—‘Egad, I had scarcely reached the summit before Bang, my petspaniel, bolted forward, and in a few seconds ran back, wagging his tail, and—may I be set down for a goose if he did not drop a cherubim at my feet! Poor little thing! it had evidently staid out rather late, lost its way among the clouds, and had been half frozen; so I just wet its lips with a little brandy, placed it in my bosom, and carried it down to Chamouny, where it quickly revived. I then put it into a cage, and had the pleasure to hear it sing. I intended to bring it over as a present to Willerforce, but my pious intentions were frustrated.’ ‘Why! what became of it?’ ‘Confound it, sir! the cursed cat ate it!’”

In these days, the late George the Fourth was young, and Mr. S. relates:—

“I have met the Prince of Wales at several assemblies. He is a fine-looking, fair young man, said to be very like the Pretender in his early youth, when he landed in Scotland. He is pleasing and well-mannered.”

A hint to authors to be extremely civil to reviewers occurs in the same letter. Mr. S., whose vanity was, nevertheless, evidently flattered by the request, writes:—

“Sewell, publisher of the ‘European Magazine,’ a work now in vogue, has written to Elmsley to request memoirs of me, and my picture, to publish in September. He thinks it proper to comply with the request, for fear of some ridiculous misrepresentations.”

Our readers will hardly believe that we have known as paltry and contemptible motives influence reviewers in our own day; and especially those who are always proclaiming their independence, as if the braying of an ass could be mistaken by any but gulls for the roaring of a lion. It does do, though, with the ignorant: for all are not versed in natural history, and cannot tell the voice of Donkey from the voice of Leo. At p. 289, vol. i. the Editor is not clearly informed respecting the famous Chevalier d’Eon; but on this disputed point we will be neutral.

A sample of Yankee Manners.—Before the Americans were civilised, as they are now, the Editor records that,—

“An English officer, Colonel A—, was travelling in a stage to New York, and was extremely annoyed by a free and enlightened citizen’s perpetually spitting, across him, out of the window. He bore it patiently for some time, till at last he ventured to remonstrate, when the other said, ‘Why, colonel, I estimate you’re a-poking fun at me—that I do.

Now, I’m not a going to chaw my own bilgewater, not for no man. Besides, you need not look so thundering ugly. Why, I’ve practised all my life, and could squirt through the eye of a needle without touching the steel, let alone such a great saliva-box as that there window.’ Colonel A— remained tranquil for some time; at last his anger got up, and he spat bang in his companion’s face, exclaiming, ‘I beg you a thousand pardons, squire, but I’ve not practised as much as you have. No doubt, by the time we reach New York, I shall be as great a dab as you are.’ The other rubbed his eye, and remained *bouche close*.”

How to See your Way.—“Mr. Mackenzie told me several anecdotes, one of Lady Yarmouth. She was at a large dinner, seated at no great distance from a rich clergyman, and some bishoprick having just fallen in, he carelessly expressed a wish that he were so lucky as to be named to it. ‘Do you expect it?’ said she to him. ‘No, indeed, I do not,’ he replied; ‘I fear I am not so fortunate.’—‘What say you to a bet?’ said she. ‘I’ll bet you five thousand pounds that you will get it.’—‘Done,’ said the clergyman; and soon after he had the vacant see.”

French Mot.—“Passed the evening at the Comtesse de Boufflers. The Comtesse Amilie professes great affection for her mother-in-law, and was complaining to her of her husband’s conduct. Madame de B. reminded her that it was her son whom she was abusing. ‘Ah!’ said she, ‘je pensais qu’il ne fut que votre gendre.’”

Another:—“France is, I hear, perfectly quiet. Perre-gaux writes that his daughter is returned covered with laurels having never left her husband.”

Retort Courteous.—“When Abbé Galiani was dying, nobody could get him to be penitent; the queen, therefore, undertook it, and wrote him a long preaching letter, entreating him to repass in his mind all the infidelity and peccati he had been guilty of throughout his life, for which he ought now to make *amende honorable*. He sent her, a sealed answer, which, on opening, put her into the greatest rage, for it was her own letter, taken out of its envelope, and put into another which he had directed to herself, having altered two or three things in it.”

And now we close with the glorious and immortal Nelson at Copenhagen:—

“April 16th, 1795.
“I will transcribe for you what I remember of Lord Nelson’s letters to Lady Hamilton, which she has just been sending to me and others, as they contain many curious details not in the *Gazette*, and which one may like to refer to at a future period. At the same time it employs me, and may you also, for a little while, in something less distressing to our thoughts than our own feelings. Though I do not mean to say it is a frivolous subject, God knows it is a dreadful one to many a tender parent, wife, or child. Lord Nelson writes several letters. The first gives an account of the negotiation with Colonel Stricker, about passing the Castle of Cronenbourg. He puns upon the name. An aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince came on board (Admiral Parker writes a Danish jargon). He wrote something down, and, finding the pen bad, threw it away, saying, ‘Admiral, if your cannons are no better than your pens, we need not fear you much. To-morrow you will pass the Sound; we shall give you a warm reception. What are the

* “Marmont afterwards Duc de Raguse.”

* “Lady Knight’s mistake was not more comical than that of the French tourist, who called it ‘St. Jean des Latrines.’”

names of the commanders?" All the captains were then mentioned to him. He started at the name of Nelson, and exclaimed, 'Ha! Nelson is here? then I suppose you mean to do something.' The second letter gives an account of the passage of the Sound, which was accomplished without loss, as not a single shot struck the ships, though a tremendous firing was kept up from the Danish forts and batteries. The attack was very severe and bloody, as he had every floating battery and gun-boat to destroy or silence before he could get at the men-of-war and the great batteries. The hereditary or Crown Prince was present, and very near being killed. After four hours' hard fighting in the good old way, our brave, skilful tars took, sunk, or burnt, eighteen sail of men-of-war, seven of the line. In this letter there is much mention of his trust in God and his protection, &c. He also inserts, very unaffectedly, that he hopes Sir William's pictures sold well. In the preceding letter he had sent his compliments to the Duke of Queensbury and Lord William Gordon, and begged the latter would not be making songs about them till they had done their work well. He laments the loss of his captains and the grief of their families. In the last letter he says the Danes immediately sent off a flag of truce, to desire an officer of rank might come ashore to treat with the Prince, or that a Danish nobleman might be allowed to go on board; and that an armistice might be granted for a short time. Lord Nelson complied with great pleasure, for his ship, the Elephant, was aground in a bad position. He went on shore and conferred with the Prince, to whom, he says, he told more truths than he probably had ever heard in his life, or perhaps any sovereign ever heard. The Prince asked him 'why the British fleet had forced its way up the Baltic?' He answered, 'to crush and annihilate a confederacy formed against the dearest interests of England.' He pointed out Bernsdorf (who was present) as the author of the combination, and answerable for all the blood which had been spilled that day, and added, that if they had not had beating enough, he was ready to return on board, and lay Copenhagen, its shipping and arsenal, in ashes. The Prince was exceedingly agitated and terrified. Unfortunately Lady H. was called away, and I did not hear the end of that letter."

A Personal Narrative of a Journey to the Source of the River Oxus, by the Route of the Indus, Kabul, and Badakshan; Performed under the Sanction of the Supreme Government of India in the Years 1836, 7, and 8. By Lieut. John Wood, E.I.C.N. 8vo. pp. 424. London, 1841. Murray.

We have never seen it satisfactorily expounded why the ascent to the very summit of the highest mountains of any part of the globe whither we might happen to travel, or the tracing of a noble river to its very fountain-head and source, should have such attractions for the human mind, that we would not grudge any labour, nor be deterred by any danger from attempting either enterprise. The gratification is too great to be referred to mere curiosity, or the emulation of doing what others have done, or the vanity of boasting that we have done so; and the sense of enjoyment and pride from having accomplished such a feat seems to us to hinge upon the absolute fruition of a human desire. We have not only arrived at a point which leaves nothing to be achieved or craved for—we are at the top of the hill, and there is no land above to be climbed; we

are at the beginning of the stream, and there is no water beyond to be explored. For once in our life we can assure ourselves that we have touched the *ne plus ultra* of an object; not only that we have done our best, but that nobody, now or hereafter, can ever do better. And the same feeling, in a modified measure, is communicated to those who hear or read the relations of such exploits; so that few *raconteurs* (story-tellers is of dubious import!) have auditors more willing to go along with them than the describers of perilous journeys up Mont Blanc, Athos, or Teneriffe; or wearing some toils to the heads of the Mississippi, the Nile, or the Ganges. For these reasons we have no doubt readers will accompany Lieut. Wood with interest to the Lake of Sir-i-kol, out of which issues the celebrated Oxus, which traverses Asia for upwards of a thousand miles before it falls into the sea of Aral; and of which we have had no particulars since it was visited by Marco Polo some six hundred years ago.

Having very frequently of late, since the admirable publication of Sir Alexander Burnes, had to turn our own and our readers' attention to works of Indian travel, with which the press has really abounded, it has become expedient for us to skip grounds now familiar, though scarcely known a very few years ago, and dash at once into the newest information which an author has contributed to the common and accumulating stock. We stop not, therefore, with Lieut. Wood in the first steam-boat which navigated the Indus (one of ten-horse power)—we pause not in Sindh nor even in Kabul—we say nothing to Attock—and we dart through the mountainous passes permeated by the Upper Indus, so impetuous as to be impracticable for navigation from May to September—and, in fact, we halt only in Kunduz, on the northern side of the Himalaya chain, governed by Murad Beg, an Uzbek Tartar. From him our countrymen obtained permission to trace the Oxus, or, as it is called by the natives, the Jihun, and by others, the Amos; and the following quotations refer to the people and the country:—

"Murad Beg, the head of this Uzbek state, is one of those prominent political characters that unsettled times and a disorganised state of society produce. Such were Mohamed Ali in Egypt and the late Ranjit Singh in Hindustan. Men whose fortunes were based on mental superiority; and though Murad Beg cannot be ranked with either of these remarkable men, the Uzbek will not suffer by comparison with them, when we take into account the rudeness of the material on which he had to work. Little craft enters into the character of this chieftain, but to his splendid talents he unites what does not always accompany them, strong common sense. His forces, composed entirely of cavalry, are well adapted to predatory warfare, for which neither infantry nor guns are essential. The horses though small, have great power, and will endure much fatigue for ten successive days; carrying grain for themselves and their rider. The habits of his subjects are equally well fitted to this mode of life; and the absolute authority which he has over them places their services at all times at his disposal. There is not a man in his dominions, let him possess what authority he may, but must yield it up at the nod of the Mir. His own tribe are devotedly attached to him, and seldom mention his name without exclaiming, 'Khoda dowlut zyada,'—may God add to his riches. He is not equally popular with the Tajik mountain states, which he has

subdued; but among these all spirit of resistance is so completely crushed, that while Murad Beg lives there is no chance of their attaining freedom unless aided by a foreign power. Still these people, though indignant at the Mir's arbitrary rule, do not deny his great abilities, and especially his talent of quickly penetrating into the counsels of other men. But with all his high qualifications Murad Beg is but at the head of an organised banditti, a nation of plunderers, whom, however, none of the neighbouring powers can exterminate. Able as he is to bring together, in a surprisingly short space of time, a body of 15,000 horsemen, inured to predatory warfare, and to those stealthy attacks for which Turkiman and Uzbek are equally celebrated, he feels himself perfectly secure from the assault of any of the chieftains by whom he is surrounded, nor, indeed, were they to league together could they successfully oppose him. The only people who, though occasionally chastised, have hitherto escaped subjection, are the tribes on the north bank of the river Oxus. Murad Beg, aware that his description of force was ill-calculated to retain conquest when made, razed every hill fort as they fell into his hands, but reserved the Uzbek strongholds in the plain. These, Tash Kurghan excepted, are held by members of his family, or by men whose interest is identified with his own. The conquered experienced more favourable treatment than was to have been expected at the hands of the Uzbeks, in whose character clemency is no ingredient. If the chief himself be not wantonly cruel, his conduct is often needlessly severe; but of this more hereafter. Not the least remarkable trait in the character of this man is the contrast afforded by his well-ordered domestic government, and the uninterrupted course of rapine which forms the occupation of himself and his subjects, whose 'chuppaws,' or plundering expeditions, embrace the whole of the upper waters of the Oxus, from the frontier of China on the east, to the river that runs through Balk, 'the mother of cities,' on the west. His government is rigidly despotic, but seldom is absolute power less misused. The rights and property of his subjects are respected, merchants are safe, and trade is encouraged. Punishment for crime, whether against individuals or the state, is most summary; for theft and highway robbery, if the highway be in their own country—for that makes a wonderful difference—the only award is death. An offender, when detected, never escapes punishment, and sentence is no sooner pronounced than executed. This prompt procedure is little in accordance with the beautiful maxim of English jurisprudence, that it is better many who are guilty should escape than that one innocent man should suffer; yet the certainty of punishment has lessened the commission of crime. Countries in former times closed to the traveller may now, with Murad Beg's protection, be as safely traversed as British India. * * * The dog in Turkistan, although not elevated to so important a rank as the horse, is still as useful and as highly esteemed as in more civilised communities; and here we have an example of those caprices and contrarities which every where distinguish man. To ask an Uzbek to sell his wife would be no affront, but to ask him to sell his dog would be an unpardonable insult, 'Suggee ferosh,' or dog-seller, being about the most offensive epithet that one Uzbek can apply to the other."

Of the inhabitants of Badakshan we are, *inter alia*, told,—

"The domestic arrangements of these people are as simple as with other mountaineers. Whilst we were at Jern a neighbour of Hassan's was married. This gave an opportunity of learning at what outlay the peasantry of this secluded region can commence housekeeping. I will state the articles separately. The first and largest item is, the purchase of a wife, 25 rupees. *Culinary and other utensils.*—Bedding, 6 rupees; antimony for the lady's eyes, 3 tangas; an iron boiler, 2 rupees; a wooden bowl and spoons, 3 tangas; flour-sieve, 2; drinking-bowl, 1; table-cloth, 2; dresser, 2; knife for cutting beans, 3; wooden ladle, 1; frying-pan, 6; a wooden pitcher, 2; stone lamp, 4; iron girdle for baking, 2. Total, 31 tangas, or 1½ rupees. *Wife's wardrobe.*—Lutta, or head covering, 10 tangas; kurta, or shirt, 40; pajamah, or trousers, 20; kush, or shoes, 20. Total, 90 tangas, or 4½ rupees. *Husband's wardrobe and equipment.*—Lallah, or turban, 6 tangas; takun, 2; chukmun, or cloak, 40; chamber, or shoes, 10; jurab, or stockings, 6; kummer for the waist, 40; pajamah, 10; karid, or long sword, 40; tufung, or matchlock, 200; matchlock furniture, 22. Total, 376 tangas, or 18½ rupees; 57½ rupees, or 5*l.* 14*s.* sterling."

But to the river. The party reached it, at Ish Kashm, followed the course, with several considerable bends, to the aforesaid lake. The following selections are descriptive of their progress:—

"Proceeding up the valley of the Oxus, with the mountains of Shakh Durah on our left hand, and those of Chitral on our right, both rising to a vast height, and bearing far below their summits the snow of ages, we arrived, early in the afternoon, at the hamlet of Ishtrakh, having before passed Kila Khoja and Pullu, the first inhabited places since we entered Wakhan. We reached the village in the middle of a heavy snow-fall; and its houses, built amongst fractured pieces of the neighbouring mountains, must have been passed unnoticed, but for a Yak, or Kash-gow, as the animal is here called, standing before a door, with its bridle in the hand of a Kirghiz boy. There was something so novel in its appearance, that I could not resist the impulse of mounting so strange a steed; but in doing so, I met with stout resistance from the little fellow who had it in charge. In the midst of our dispute the boy's mother made her appearance, and very kindly permitted me to try the animal's paces. It stood about three feet and a half high, was very hairy and powerful. Its belly reached within six inches of the ground, which was swept by its bushy tail. The long hair streamed down from its dewlap and fore legs, giving it, but for the horns, the appearance of a huge Newfoundland dog. It bore a light saddle with horn stirrups; and a cord, let through the cartilage of the nose, served for a bridle. The good Kirghiz matron was not a less interesting object than her steed. She was diminutive in stature, but active and strong, and wore some half dozen petticoats under a showy blue-striped gown, the whole sitting close to her person, and held there, not by ribands, but by a stout leather belt about the waist. Her rosy cheeks and Chinese countenance were seen from under a high white starched tiara, while broad bands of the same colour protected the ears, mouth, and chin. Worsted gloves covered the hands, and the feet were equally well taken care of. She chid her son for not permitting me to mount the Kash-gow; and I quite won the good woman's heart by praising the lad's spirit, and hanging

a string of beads about his neck. Strutting up to her steed with the air of an Amazon, she emptied the flour she had obtained at the village into her koorgeens, took the bridle out of her son's hand, and vaulted astride into the saddle. The sight appeared to be new, not only to us, but to the inhabitants of Wakhan; for the villagers had thronged round to see her depart. They inquired if she would not take the boy up behind her? 'Oh, no,' was her answer, 'he can walk.' As the mother and son left us, a droll-looking calf leisurely trode after its dam; and when the party disappeared amid the falling snow-flakes, the rugged, half-clad Wakhanis exclaimed, as if taken by surprise, 'None but a Kirghiz boy could thrive under such rough treatment.' The Yak, is to the inhabitants of Tibet and Pamir, what the reindeer is to the Laplander in northern Europe. Where a man can walk a Kash-gow may be ridden. Like the elephant he possesses a wonderful knowledge of what will bear his weight. If travellers are at fault, one of these animals is driven before them, and it is said that he avoids the hidden depths and chasms with admirable sagacity. His footing is sure. Should a fall of snow close a mountain-pass to man and horse, a score of Yaks driven ahead answer the purpose of pioneers, and make, as my informant expresses it, 'a king's highway.' In this case, however, the snow must have recently fallen; for when once its surface is frozen, and its depth considerable, no animal can force its way through it. Other cattle require the provident care of man to subsist them through the winter. The most hardy sheep would fare but badly without its human protection, but the Kash-gow is left entirely to itself. He frequents the mountain slopes and their level summits. Wherever the mercury does not rise above zero, is a climate for the Yak. If the snow on the elevated flats lie too deep for him to crop the herbage, he rolls himself down the slopes and eats his way up again. When arrived at the top, he performs a second summerset, and completes his meal as he displaces another groove of snow in his second ascent. The heat of the summer sends the animal to what is termed the old ice, that is to the regions of eternal snow; the calf being retained below as a pledge for the mother's returning, in which she never fails. In the summer, the women, like the pastoral inhabitants of the Alps, encamp in the higher valleys, which are interspersed among the snowy mountains, and devote their whole time to the dairy. The men remain on the plain, and attend to the agricultural part of the establishment, but occasionally visit the upper stations; and all speak in rapture of these summer wanderings. The Kash-gows are gregarious, and set the wolves, which here abound, at defiance. Their hair is clipped once a-year in the spring. The tail is the well-known Chowry of Hindustan; but in this country, its strong, wiry, and plant hair is made into ropes, which, for strength, do not yield to those manufactured from hemp. The hair of the body is woven into mats, and also into a strong fabric which makes excellent riding trousers. The milk of the Yak is richer than that of the common cow, though the quantity it yields be less. The kurut made from it is considered to be first-rate, even superior to the produce of the Kohistan of Kabul, which has great celebrity in Afghanistan. The Kirghiz never extract the butter. * * *

The valley of the Oxus from Ish Kashm, where we first came upon the river, to Kundut, varies from a few hundred yards to a mile in width. As we

drew near the fort and hamlet of Shah Turai, the ground became more and more level, and the river, dividing into many channels, meandered over a sandy bed, studded with numberless islets, which were thickly covered with an under growth of red willow-trees. In passing through one of these coves, our dog started a hare, the only living thing we saw between Ishtrakh and Kundut. The houses at Kundut are clustered about the fort like so many cells in a beehive. We discovered that the holes in their roofs, besides giving vent to the smoke, perform the office of sun-dials, and, when the sun is shining, indicate the hour of the day. Before the housewife begins to prepare the family meal, she looks not up at a clock, but round the walls, or upon the floor, for the spot on which his golden light is streaming. The seasons, also, are marked by the same means; for when the sun's rays, through this aperture, reach one particular point, it is seed-time. Taking leave of Shah Turai, we resumed our journey up the valley, but had not proceeded far when the barking of dogs, and the sight of yaks, camels, and sheep, roaming over the plain, told of a pastoral people being in the neighbourhood, and soon after we came upon a Kirghiz encampment. Anxious to see this nomade race, we struck off towards their beehive-looking tents; but the fierce dogs prowling round kept us at bay until we managed to out-howl them, and succeeded in making ourselves heard by their masters. As we entered among the kirgahs, or tents, the spaces between them were seen to be thronged by ewes, children, and dogs. The horde consisted of 100 families, and possessed about 2000 yaks, 4000 sheep, and 1000 camels; not the ugly-looking camel of Arabia, but that species known as Bactrian, and which, to all the useful qualities of the former, adds a majestic port that no animal but the horse can surpass. This was the first year of their abode in Wakhan, and the only instance of the Kirghiz having made this district their winter quarters. They had been solicited to do so by the Uzbeks of Kunduz, with whom the Kirghiz profess to be connected by blood. The two people are evidently of the same stock, though the effects of location, or, in other words, the difference between a temperate and a rigorous climate is observable in the well-proportioned frame of the Uzbek, and in the stunted growth of the Kirghiz. The arrival of strangers was an important event to the horde. Each kirgah poured forth its male inmates, and all clustered round our little party to hear the news of Kunduz. More rugged weather-beaten faces I had never seen; they had, however, the hue of health. Their small sunken eyes were just visible, peeping from beneath fur caps, while the folds of a snug woollen comforter concealed their paucity of beard. The clothing of most of them consisted of a sheep's skin, with the wool inside; but some wore good coloured cotton chupkuns. Snuff was more in demand with them than tobacco; but to satisfy the craving desires of such voracious snuff-takers, would have required a larger stock of Irish blackguard than we had brought of charcoal. On presenting my box to the chief of the horde, he quietly emptied half its contents into the palm of his hand, then opening his mouth and holding his head back, at two gulps he swallowed the whole. Our boxes were soon emptied, for none of them were contented with a pinch or two for the nose. In this bad habit the Uzbeks likewise indulged, but not to the extent of their relatives the Kirghiz. The latter have invariably bad teeth; many even of their young men are nearly

toothless. This they attributed to the coldness of the water they are obliged to drink, but I should imagine that the snuff had a good deal to do with it. We now asked permission to rest awhile in one of their kirgahs, and were immediately led up to one of the best in the encampment. Its outside covering was formed of coarse dun-coloured felts, held down by two broad white belts about five feet above the ground. To these the dome or roof was secured by diagonal bands, while the felts which formed the walls were strengthened by other bands, which descended in a zig-zag direction between those first mentioned and the ground. Close to the door lay a bag filled with ice—the water of the family. On drawing aside the felt which screened the entrance, the air of tidiness and comfort that met our eyes was a most agreeable surprise. In the middle of the floor, upon a light iron tripod, stood a huge Russian caldron, beneath which glowed a cheerful fire, which a ruddy-cheeked spruce damsel kept feeding with fuel and occasionally throwing a lump of ice into her cookery. She modestly beckoned us to be seated, and continued her household duties unembarrassed by the presence of strangers. If unable to praise the men of the Kirghiz for their good looks, I may, without flattery, pronounce the young women pretty. All have the glow of health in their cheeks; and though they have the harsh features of the race, there is a softness about their lineaments, a coyness and maidenly reserve in their demeanour, that contrasts strongly and most agreeably with the uncouth figures and harsh manners of the men.*

[Conclusion in our next.]

* "In stature, the Kirghiz are under the middle size. Of a Kyz numbering seven men whom I measured, the tallest stood five feet five and a half inches; the shortest, five feet two inches. Their countenance is disagreeable: the upper part of the nose sinks into the face, leaving the space between their deep-set and elongated eyes without the usual dividing ridge; the brow immediately above the eye is protuberant, but slants back more abruptly than in Europeans; their cheeks, large and bloated, look as if pieces of flesh had been daubed upon them; a slender beard covers the chin, and, with those individuals who have a more luxuriant growth of hair, both beard and whiskers have a close natural curl; their persons are not muscular, and their complexion is darkened by exposure in all weathers, rather than by the sun. This description does not apply to the Kirghiz women, whom, as I have before said, are rather good-looking. They resemble the Hazara females in their small and delicate form, and, like them, too, seem more calculated for a genial climate than for the stern one they inhabit. Though Suni Mohammedans, they go unveiled, and have quite as much liberty as women have with us. They are modest, but, like most of their sex, have a prying curiosity, and a craving for dress. At our request, they took their ornaments off, and permitted us to examine them. Beads of black and red coral were in the highest estimation, though some had them of stained glass. Others wore gems rudely set in silver, brass ornaments, and fanciful decorations carved out of the pearl oyster shell. Both sexes wore round low brass buttons about their clothes. All these articles were obtained from the Chinese. The high head-dress of the women resembles a white paste-board crown, and, when the coquette ties a coloured band in front, her look is queenly. They appear to make good wives. All we saw were attentive to the comforts of their domestic circle; and if the thimble was not on the finger, it, and the other implements of knitting and sewing, were seen hanging from the walls of the kirgah. Slaves are not common among this people, though they have, like European families, maid servants. With the Kirghiz, a daughter is more desired than a son. Their flocks and herds, though large, do not require many men to manage them; and, as they never cultivate the earth, but are continually on the march, an excess of profitless mouths is not desirable where food is not over abundant. But for a daughter a large sum is obtained—often as much as 40*l.*, if she be not above fifteen years of age. On a husband's death, the wife goes to his brother, and, on his decease, becomes the property of the next of kin, failing which she returns to her father's kirgah. Should a stranger take a daughter or wife, a blood-feud is inevitable. Both sexes, but especially the women, suffer from cutaneous disease. The Kirghiz may be said to subsist chiefly on milk and its various preparations, the produce of their herds and flocks."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Correction of the Article in the "Petersburg Gazette" of 1840, No. 266. "For the Readers of Hammer-Purgstall's History of the Golden Horde in Kiptschak," which article is signed by the Perpetual Secretary of the Academy.** As this article appeared in the official German journal of St. Petersburg, what I have to say on the subject is most properly placed in those columns of the "Vienna Gazette" which are filled with literary matter.

This correction, like the article itself, is written, not so much for the readers of the work, to whom both are wholly superfluous, as for the readers of the "Petersburg Gazette," who may probably never see the work itself. For the readers of the journal, it would be useless to refute the two accusations brought in that article against the author, viz. *indiscretion*, and *reproaches made to the Academy*, as these two accusations are reduced to nothing by the following two passages in the preface:—

"M. Frähn referred me to the publication, and threatened, if I desired to be informed of the grounds of the resolution, to print them. He wrote to me—'The Academy will not hesitate to print the grounds of its resolution, in case you should wish to be more particularly acquainted with them.' Since M. Frähn thinks to frighten me by printing the judgments, I here print them myself and my answers, and do not appeal from the judgment of the Academy; for, properly speaking, it has not given any (since only three of its members are concerned in the judgment, and none of the others even looked at it). I do not even appeal from the judgment of the three (for I found that of M. Von Krug just and equitable), but merely from the judgment of Frähn and Schmidt, to that of all the other Orientalists and historians in Europe on the value and merit of my work."

Now as I printed only what the Academy itself threatened to print, where is the *indiscretion*? and as I have expressly declared that I had to do only with the two judges, Frähn and Schmidt, how can the article speak of "the groundlessness of the accusations, brought with acrimony and passion, against the Academy?" The whole anti-criticism is directed, not against the Academy, but only against three of its members, whom I have answered in the same tone in which they attacked me. The article says, "The committee of judges consisted of three members, because in the Academy of Paris every department is more numerous than in that of Petersburg." The Académie des Inscriptions has not more Orientalists than the Academy of St. Petersburg; but it is a thing unheard of there, or any where else, that it was left to three members only to decide, I will not say on an historical work, but even on a prize question. Can it be that among the thirty-one academicians, there are only three competent to give an opinion on an historical work, which belongs entirely to the history of Russia? The article confesses, with much naïveté, that the Academy, when it proposed the question, looked for an answer from an Orientalist, not then living in Russia, who, as far as a knowledge of the Russian and Slavonian is concerned, was much better qualified to answer the question than I was. Who this Orientalist may have been, cannot be guessed; for my late friend De Sacy understood even less of the Slavonian language than I do, and would

have had to learn the Russian as well as myself, if necessary, to answer the question. As it was known, then, that no Orientalist out of Russia, competent to answer the question, was master of the Russian language, the proposal of this prize question to Orientalists who were not Russians, coupled with the demand that they should be perfect masters of the Russian and Slavonian, is not explained, still less is it done away with by the following sentence, which is nothing more than a rhetorical figure:—"But enough of the strange reproach that the Academy, if it would not give the prize to Mr. Von Hammer, should rather not have published its programme." As the three judges were informed by my letters, immediately after the publication of the programme, that I was engaged on the work; and as Messrs. Krug and Frähn even pointed out to me some sources of information, the affected concealment of the author of the "History" would, in truth, been only a farce, which would have ill agreed with the *sincerity* which the article at the very commencement allows me; but whether the observation made by M. Von Krug, "that Mr. Von Hammer had (in the notes) declared himself as the author as plainly as if he had signed his name," whether this observation of M. Von Krug, was a sufficient ground for requesting his very proper and reasonable proposal to return the work for correction, and to adjourn the decision for a year, as is the custom in all academies when none of the works sent in is satisfactory, or when, as was the case here, only one person undertook the task; whether the circumstance that I might be guessed to be the author (which all the three judges knew beforehand that I was) was a sufficient reason to reject the work, without adjournment to the next year, I leave it to the reader to decide. Lastly, I must say a word of "the much improved form," as the article has it; I have altered nothing, except the unimportant trifles in the notes noticed by my critics, which are always faithfully stated, and have even remarked in several places, that, notwithstanding the ill-founded criticism, no alteration had been made in the text. The only two historical points which were worth a critical examination, namely, the date of the battle on the Kalka, and the epochs of the life of Genghis Khan, have remained entirely unchanged and are defended in the anti-criticism with irrefragable arguments. In the above-mentioned passage of the preface, I have appealed to the judgment of all Orientalists and historians in Europe on the value and merit of my work; but I must (according to the conclusion of the article of the journal) renounce my claim to any essential merit of this kind, the Academy having appropriated it to itself in the following words. "The Academy, then, has certainly performed a *very meritorious service*, if not in the publication, yet in the appearance, of the work in a *much improved form*, and in care for the honour of the author." Who has now to complain of ingratitude?

That the Academy may not have cause to complain of ingratitude, I return it here *grazie tante* for its care of my honour!

HAMMER-PURGSTALL.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW PROJECTILE.

A THIRD and final experiment of this tremendous weapon, which our Journal was the first to bring into notice, was made on Saturday last, at some distance from London by the inventor, in the presence of Sir R. Peel, Sir F.

* We have much satisfaction, in compliance with the wish of the distinguished writer, in giving place to the following letter, translated from his original German.—*Ed. L. G.*

Burdett, Lord Ingestrie, Sir G. Murray and Sir H. Hardinge, Lieut.-Col. Gurwood, Captains Webster and Britten, and a very select few other gentlemen, literary, &c. A ship's launch, above twenty feet in length, strengthened with five and a half tons of solid timber, each layer of which was fastened with eight-inch spikes, and occasionally bolted together, the whole being carefully inspected by some of the most scientific of the party, was put in motion and struck by the new engine, with a force that literally shivered the mass into fragments, rising nails and bolts, and throwing the splinters of all sizes into the air a perpendicular height of above two hundred feet. The water of the lake, seventy-five yards in breadth, was thrown up all round to the height of several feet, and an extent of fifty yards; while a perpendicular column rose into the air, like a body of smoke, and sank, assuming something of the appearance of a fountain. All the spectators stood mute as if thunderstruck; for, in spite of all they had heard, few or none calculated on so entire a destruction. The huge mass of solid timber was a wrack of shreds, with here and there a large fragment, scattered over the fields. The noise of the explosion scarcely exceeded that of a gun, and this has been greatly modified by the inventor. This novel invention seems far to surpass the advances made by gunpowder over the Magian and Greek fires, since it has been discovered and perfected by the genius of a single man, so as to be even more under control than gunpowder.

We have ourselves been favoured with a sight of two or three of the fragments, in the possession of Mr. Pote, taken immediately after the explosion. The step of the mast, a part of which is with Sir R. Peel, is particularly worth attention: it is bent up so clean as to give one side the hollow appearance of bamboo within; while in the other, the heart of the wood is laid open, smooth and clean, along its whole length. No trace of scorching or blackening is visible any where; and it is remarkable that the mast was not only shivered longitudinally, but also divided across in several places; proving altogether that the power is not in the least that of lightning, and that it acts at once perpendicularly and horizontally.

GEOLOGICAL ANNIVERSARY.

THE Anniversary Meeting of the Geological Society of London was held on Thursday week at Somerset House; when Mr. Murchison was elected President, to succeed the Rev. Dr. Buckland. The Vice-Presidents are, Dr. Daubeny, Dr. Fitten, Mr. Lyell, the Rev. Professor Whewell; and the Secretaries, Mr. W. J. Hamilton and Mr. E. Banbury. Foreign Secretary, Mr. Delabèche. Treasurer, Mr. John Taylor. Among the newly-elected members was Sir Robert Peel, who took his seat. The annual dinner was held at the Crown and Anchor, Mr. Murchison in the chair; where he was supported by His Excellency Baron Brunnov, the Prussian minister; the Marquess of Northampton; the Earls of Selkirk and Morley; the Bishops of Lichfield and Norwich; the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart.; Mr. Baron Park; Right Hon. Frankland Lewis; Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie; Sir John W. Lubbock, Bart.; Sir Charles Lemon, Bart. M.P.; Sir E. Head, Bart.; Mr. Egerton Harcourt; Hon. Charles Ashburnham; Mr. Hawkins, M.P.; Mr. Ingham, M.P., &c.; together with Professors Buckland, Sedgwick, Whewell, Dr. Fitten, Dr. Mantell, Mr. Greenough, Mr. Lyell, Mr. Delabèche, and all the leading members of

the Society.—At the ensuing meeting the Wollaston Medal was adjudicated to M. Adolphe Brongniart, member of the Institute of France, for his important discoveries in fossil botany; on which occasion Dr. Buckland delivered an eloquent discourse.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Journal Office, Shrewsbury, Feb. 15, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps the paragraph I annex may not have met your eye before (I take it from an American paper of the 26th ult.), and may be worth notice.—I am, yours, &c.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

Electricity in Steam.—It was stated some months ago, that the electric fluid is evolved in the generation of steam. One of the provincial journals first mentioned that a person who was attending a steam-engine happened to have one hand in a copious jet of steam, which escaped from an accidental aperture in the boiler, and whilst he applied his other hand to the lever of the safety-valve, experienced an electric shock. In America, a series of experiments has been made on this subject, at the dépôt of the Lowell Railroad.

"The Boston Courier" gives the following account of them:—"A brass rod was used, four feet long, with a brush of points projecting from one end, to collect the electricity, and a glass insulating handle two feet long, at the other. On immersing the pointed or brush end of the rod in a cloud of steam escaping from the safety-valve of one of the engines, sparks two inches long were immediately drawn from it, and taken at the distance of half an inch. They were too numerous to be counted. Sparks were also made to pass readily over the intervals in the tinfoil of a spotted glass strip. A large Leyden jar was charged at discretion, and shocks administered. *Ether* was inflamed by the discharge of the jar. The electricity, tested by pitch balls and a bit of shell-lac, was positive. When the pointed end of the rod was held in the steam at different distances from the valve, the electricity was comparatively feeble at six inches' distance, increasing gradually till the rod was four or five feet off, the sparks diminishing again at still greater distances. The electricity seems, therefore, to be developed by the expansion of the steam on its escaping from the boiler. Sparks could be drawn from the rod, when it was a foot or two from the steam. The sensation produced by the spark was more like the galvanic shock than that of common electricity. The steam was positively electrified, and the engine negatively; which was shewn, by putting one hand on the engine, and taking a spark from the rod with the other, when a slight shock was felt in both hands."

Another American paper ("The Boston Daily Advertiser") says, "These phenomena are no less important to the theory of electricity than they are curious. They may explain, among other things, the electrical excitations of the atmosphere and clouds."

PARIS LETTER.

February 23, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of Feb. 15.—M. Fuster communicated a paper 'On the Winters of unusual Cold in France, from the most Remote Times.' A remarkable fact was mentioned, that the freezing of rivers by no means takes place at the same point of the thermometer, nor within any small limits near that point. Thus, at Paris, the Seine has been frozen for all points of the scale from -9 to -14 of the centigrade scale; while during the winters of 1709, 47, 54, 85, 95, and 1820, it was

not frozen, though the thermometer fell to -14, -15, -16, -20, and -23. The Rhone is frozen at Viviers when the thermometer stood for several days at -11.2 to -12.5, but in Dauphiny and Provence it requires a cold of -16 to -18 degrees to effect its congelation. At Lyons, in 1776, it was only partially frozen below the town, though the thermometer was at -21.2 and -21.9. The severest winter known in France was that of 1709, the precise degree, however, of mercurial depression could not now be ascertained, but all the rivers were frozen; the sea was partially so in the ports of Cete and Marseilles, and on the coast of the British Channel the ice extended two leagues out to sea. It was believed to have been about -23.1 of the centigrade scale.

Messrs. Flandin and Danger made some further communication relative to their experiments for detecting arsenic in the human body. They had received fresh proofs that arsenic does not exist in the body or in animal matter in its normal state, as asserted by M. Raspail and his school; and they had made numerous other experiments, which shewed most satisfactorily that arsenic could not in all cases be detected by Marsh's apparatus, as maintained by M. Orfila and his followers. On the contrary, they had invariably succeeded in producing the stains on the porcelain saucers by means merely of phosphites and other substances, without any arsenic whatever. (These discoveries of Messrs. Flandin and Danger have caused great sensation in all the circles of Paris, except the legal ones, from their shewing, if any further proof were wanted, that the evidence and the proceedings in the case of Madame Laffarge, and upon which that unfortunate lady was unjustly convicted, are good for nothing whatever.)

A memoir was read from M. Kuhlmann, 'On the Efflorescence observable on Newly-Constructed Walls, and others on various Alkaline Products.' He shewed that the real origin of these efflorescences was to be traced to the potassic and sodic salts contained in the lime employed. The evil effect of the presence of sodium and potassium in the lime employed in manufacturing beetroot sugar was also noticed by him.

M. Boussingault communicated the result of some experiments he had been making upon the quantity of air contained in the pores of snow; and, in analysing it, he had come to the same results as De Saussure had formerly done, that the air in snow contained less oxygen than the atmospheric air; and this he conceived to be confirmative of Dalton's theory as to the nature of the air at great elevations.—A letter was read from Dr. Boucherie, stating that he had succeeded in causing wood and timber to imbibe various liquors from merely pouring them on the upper extremity of the wood, and letting them descend by their own pressure, instead of making the wood imbibe them from below. He had also succeeded in injecting various liquors into fruit without its altering the texture of it, though this had hitherto been considered impracticable.—M. Valenciennes read a paper 'On the Colorisation of the Green Oyster.' The colour lay in the four divisions of the bronchiæ, and in the intestinal canal.

M. Biot has been elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, in the room of the late M. Daunou.

The February number of the "Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire de France," with the works published by that useful body, are lying on our table. Among the latter, is the first volume of the new edition of the "Mémoires

de Philippe de Commines," ably edited by Mlle. Dupont.—The "Chronique de Guillaume de Nangis," as the "Bulletin" informs us, is now in the press; and the second volume of the "Ordericus Vitalis" has been distributed to the members.—The "Œuvres de Suger" and the "Procès de Jeanne d'Arc" are getting ready for publication.—The three first volumes of the "Collection des Cartulaires de France," compiled by M. Guérard, under the direction of the Minister of Public Instruction, have been published. The first and second volumes contain the Chartulary of the Abbey of St. Peter near Chartres. The third volume contains the Chartulary of the Abbey of St. Bertin at St. Omer, from 648 to 1187; and that of St. Catharine of Rouen. The first volume of the new edition of the "Assises de Jérusalem," by Count Beugnot, is published; and so, also, is the "Chronicle of the Abbots of St. Ouen at Rouen," by M. F. Michel. An historical and artistic essay on Caudebec (the sweetest spot on all the Seine) has been printed at Rouen; so, also, have a "History of Amiens and its Counts," at Amiens, and a "History of Toul and its Bishops," at Nancy. These are all nuts for the antiquary and the topographer. In 1736, M. De la Condamine, who was charged with the measurement of an astronomical base in the plain of Yarnqui, near Quito, had two pyramids erected to commemorate the event, and to mark the limits of the base. These monuments, in course of time, were overthrown, and, in 1837, M. Vincent Rocaferre, President of the Republic of the Equator, had them restored. The Academy of Inscriptions has just composed the following inscription, to be engraved on them, in compliance with the wish of the equatorial government:—

"Geminam pyramidem
Monumentum doctrine simul et grande adiumentum
Olim iniuria temporum eversam
Vincentius Rocaferre
Reipublicæ Equatorialis præsces
Restituit
Gloriosæ institutionis litteris consignande
Annuae consortium
Ludovico Philippo I Rege Francorum
Ornari coniunctis utriusq; gentis insignibus
Iussit curavit
Anno M.DCCC.XXXVII."

On the coast of Brittany, in the Bay of Audierne, a French man-of-war was driven ashore by two English ships in 1797, and was ultimately destroyed by a tempest. A large proportion of her crew were drowned. One of the persons on board has recently had the following inscription engraved on a Druidic stone near that spot, to commemorate the event:—

"Autour de cette pierre Druidique sont inhumés environ six-cents naufragés du vaisseau Les Droits de l'Homme, brisé par la tempête le 14 Janvier, 1797.—Le Major Pijon, de Jersey, miraculeusement échappé à ce désastre, est revenu sur cette plage le 21 Juillet, 1840; et dûment autorisé, il a fait graver sur la pierre ce durable témoignage de sa reconnaissance.—A Deo vita, spes in Deo."

The important explanation of the geological map of France,—the introduction, that is to say,—by Messrs. Dufresnoy and Elie de Beaumont, has just been printed at the Imprimerie Royale, in 1 vol. 4to. It comprises a brief account of the whole structure of the country, sketched in the masterly style of those eminent men.

LITERARY AND LENTIS. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, February 18th.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—F. P. Morris, Scholar of Lincoln Col-

lege; Rev. E. Baile, Trinity College; J. A. Dale, Balliol College; J. P. Clowes, T. C. Briggs, Worcester College.
Bachelors of Arts.—J. B. Fawkes, Christ Church; J. F. Kitson, Exeter College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

LORD COLBORNE in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton read a further portion of Mr. Burckhardt's interesting account of Mahomet Ali, Pasha of Egypt. — Afterwards, Colonel Leake in the chair, a second letter to Sir G. Wilkinson, from Mr. Prisse, was read, 'On the Materials of the Great Gates at Karnac,' upon which several important inscriptions and bas-reliefs are found. The name of a Pharaoh, called Amon Tuonkli, seems to be distinctly made out; but the whole heap is of very different ages. There are, also, cartouches of Amenoph; and there are pictures of Egyptian soldiers conducting African prisoners. The three pylones appear to have been built of the materials of two temples, the one large, and the other small, of the same epoch and race, dedicated to the sun. No new legends have been discovered.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, President, in the chair.—Mr. Coombs exhibited a facsimile, by rubbing, of a monumental brass in York Minster, bearing the date of 1585.—Mr. C. Roach Smith communicated a paper on the Roman remains found within the last few years in London, in digging for foundations, sewerage, &c., and on the extension of Londinium on the Surrey side of the Thames, which had been doubted by some antiquaries, but which Mr. Smith considered incontestably proved by the Roman burial-ground in Deverill Street, and the remains of extensive Roman buildings in different parts of Southwark. The paper was accompanied by the exhibition of drawings, some beautiful relics of Samian ware, knives, fresco-painting, &c.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 18. F. C. Barnwell, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair.—M. Fraelm of St. Petersburg, Frederick Perkins, Esq., Henry Stothard, Esq., Rev. Thomas F. Dymock, William Addison Combs, Esq., H. L. Toney, Esq., Louis Hayes Petit, Esq. M.P., W. B. Bradfield, Esq., and G. F. Nott, D.D., were elected members.—An official paper was read by B. Nightingale, Esq., purporting to be a petition from Elizabeth, the widow of Thomas Simon, the celebrated medal engraver, addressed to His Majesty, Charles II., claiming the sum of 2243l., due to her late husband for services performed by him in his majesty's mint. This remarkable document (which is without date) furnishes us with circumstantial evidence as to the probable period at which Thomas Simon died. The petitioner refers to a former petition sent in, but which, owing to the death of the then lord-treasurer, had been neglected and forgotten. This lord-treasurer was Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, who died on the 16th May, 1667. We may conclude, from this nobleman's proverbial indolence in discharging the duties of his office (of which Pepys takes notice), and from the length of his illness, that Mrs. Simon's petition had been delivered in at least a year previous to his death. This would fix the period of the first petition at about the spring of 1666; and if we allow six months to have elapsed (which we may reasonably do) since the death of Simon, it will place that artist's decease in the autumn of 1665, which agrees with the popular tradition that he died of the plague about that period. This, Mr. Nightingale believed, would at once overthrow the supposition advanced by

the author of "A Memoir of the Roettiers" (read before the Society in December last, and since printed in the "Numismatic Chronicle"), that Simon "lived many years (after the supposed date of his decease) at Kippax, in Yorkshire." The discovery of this interesting document is owing to the research and industry of Mr. Peter Cunningham, of the Audit Office. The Secretary, Mr. Ackerman, then read a paper 'On an Arrangement of the Mercian Pennies bearing the Inscription 'Ceolwulf,' or 'Ceolwulf Rex,' a paper by Samuel Birch, Esq., 'On an Unedited Coin of Demetrius II.,' and a communication from Mr. Borrell, of Smyrna, 'On Unpublished Coins of the Byzantine Empire.'

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Medical and Chirurgical (Anniversary), 3 P.M.; Entomological, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution (Anniversary), 2 P.M.; Physical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

CALOTYPE (PHOTOGENIC) DRAWING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—I will now proceed to give you some further details, for which I had not room in my last letter, respecting the phenomena which occur during the very singular photographic process to which I have given the name of Calotype. And I may as well begin by relating to you the way in which I discovered the process itself. One day, last September, I had been trying pieces of sensitive paper, prepared in different ways, in the camera obscura, allowing them to remain there only a very short time, with the view of finding out which was the most sensitive. One of these papers was taken out and examined by candlelight. There was little or nothing to be seen upon it, and I left it lying on a table in a dark room. Returning some time after, I took up the paper, and was very much surprised to see upon it a distinct picture. I was certain there was nothing of the kind when I had looked at it before; and, therefore (magic apart), the only conclusion that could be drawn was, that the picture had unexpectedly developed itself by a spontaneous action.

Fortunately, I recollected the particular way in which this sheet of paper had been prepared; and was, therefore, enabled immediately to repeat the experiment. The paper, as before, when taken out of the camera, presented hardly any thing visible; but this time, instead of leaving it, I continued to observe it by candle-light, and had soon the satisfaction of seeing a picture begin to appear, and all the details of it come out one after the other.

In this experiment the paper was used in a moist state; but since it is much more convenient to use dry paper if possible, I tried it shortly afterwards in a dry state, and the result was still more extraordinary. The dry paper appeared to be much less sensitive than the moist, for when taken out of the camera after a short time, as a minute or two, the sheet of paper was absolutely blank.

But, nevertheless, I found that the picture existed there, *although invisible*; and by a chemical process analogous to the foregoing, it was made to appear in all its perfection.

After several further experiments, which were requisite in order to come to a right un-

derstanding of this unexampled natural process, I found it expedient to abandon the former method of taking views with the camera, in favour of the new one, so far excelling it in rapidity and power. The result of my experience hitherto with this calotype paper is, that if properly prepared it will keep three or four months, ready for use at any moment, and moreover it is used in a dry state, which is a great convenience.

The time of exposure to light in the camera may be varied according to circumstances from a quarter of a minute upwards; and the paper when taken out of the instrument appears quite blank as I said before, but it is impressed with an invisible image. It may be kept in this invisible state for a month or so, if desired, and brought out, or rendered visible, when wished for. But generally this is done shortly after, or at least on the same day, for fear of accidents (such as a casual gleam of daylight, which would at once annihilate the whole performance). Whenever it is desired to render the picture visible, this is done in a very short time, as from a minute to five or ten minutes, the strongest impressions coming out the easiest and quickest. Very faint impressions (as those obtained when the paper has been only a few seconds in the camera, or the objects have been not luminous enough) take a longer time in coming out, but they should not be despaired of too soon, as many of them exhibit difficulty at first, as if reluctant to appear, but nevertheless end by coming out very well. The operator of course remains in a darkened room, lit by candles only.

I know few things in the range of science more surprising than the gradual appearance of the picture on the blank sheet, especially the first time the experiment is witnessed. The operator ought to watch the progress of the picture, until, in its strength of colour, sharpness of outline, and general distinctness, it has reached in his judgment the most perfect state. At that moment he stops further progress by washing it over with a fixing liquid. This is washed off with water, the picture is then dried, and the process is terminated.

The picture is found to be very strongly fixed, and from it numerous copies may be taken on common photographic drawing paper, by the method of superposition in sunshine. The original picture does not readily become altered, or wear out by this exposure to the sun; but in case it does so, as happens sometimes, I find that it may be in general readily revived. This revival, which is a most curious particularity of the calotype process, not only restores the picture to its pristine strength, but frequently causes fresh details and minutiae to appear in the picture, which had not appeared before, at the time when it was first brought out, or rendered visible (owing to that process having been checked too soon). These details, therefore, had been lying in an invisible state on the paper all this time, not destroyed (which is the most extraordinary thing) by so much exposure to sunshine. They were protected by the fixing liquid. But no one could have supposed beforehand, or without ocular demonstration, that it could have exerted so complete a protecting power. This is an invaluable property of the calotype—the power of reviving the pictures—not only because it allows so many copies to be made, but because it enables the artist to correct the error of his judgment, in case he has made too faint a picture at first, by stopping it too soon while it was coming out.

Some further details on this subject, and an account of the chemical processes employed, I reserve for a paper which I intend to lay before the Royal Society.—I am, &c. &c.

H. F. TALBOT.

Lacock Abbey, Feb. 19, 1841.

AMERICAN ARTISTS AND ARTS.

THE subjoined letter, corrective, we insert with pleasure, and have only to introduce it with an unvarnished explanation. It refers to Mr. Healy, a young and rapidly rising American artist, whose talents have for some three years not only attracted our attention, but been warmly eulogised in the *Literary Gazette* (see our Reviews of the Royal Academy Exhibitions 1838-9). Our Paris letter is to the last hour, in order to bring us the latest information; and it is consequently printed in the hurry of our finishing Friday moments. Our confidence in the writer is so fixed, that had we hours to spare we would never question the truth of his statements or the propriety of his opinions, and we frequently admit his correspondence without even the preliminary test of perusal, satisfied that we shall on Saturday morning have to read much to instruct and delight us. Thus the expressions alluded to by "An American" did not occur to us previous to publication; if they had, we should not have altered them, but merely have taken the liberty of appending a note to point out how much they differed from our own recorded opinion of Mr. Healy's great merits and greater promise. We have considered, and do now consider, him to be an artist of whom his country has much reason to be proud. His modesty, his studiousness, and his genius, are well known and highly appreciated by us; and we sincerely trust that no hasty expressions in our page may ever tend to retard for a moment that progress he is surely making to the highest honours of his profession.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—Permit me to say a few words concerning the American artist who is commissioned to paint the portrait of that distinguished statesman, Mr. Gutzot. I was reading your interesting journal yesterday, as is my usual custom every week, when my attention was directed to a paragraph about an American artist now in Paris, and I was very much surprised to find that the artist in question was called "a mere tyro in his art." I had always supposed the editor of the *Literary Gazette* to be an impartial master critic in all matters connected with literature, science, and art. I must confess I began to conclude that I had formed a wrong opinion as to his superior judgment in this respect; but when I traced the article to its commencement I was truly delighted to find that this was not the sweeping criticism of the Editor, it being embodied in the letter of your Paris correspondent. In justice to the young artist, I hope you will allow me to say, that he is a very amiable, modest, young man, and does not seek notoriety. He came to England for the purpose of improving in his glorious profession, and, thanks to intelligent Englishmen, he has, in a short period, met with brilliant success. I need only mention that the Duke of Sussex honoured the young artist with his patronage, and, I am well informed, has expressed his most unqualified approbation of his talents.

In conclusion, I will remark that this same American obtained the highest prize from the Royal Academy of Paris last year, for, I believe, the best picture in it; and he received the prize, a beautiful and costly gold medal, from Louis Philippe's own hand. The King of the French has furthermore honoured the American with a sitting for his portrait, which, I am informed from the highest authority, is highly approved by the king and the members of the royal family. I merely mention these facts to show that your Paris correspondent unjustly treats with contempt the talents of a young artist, who appears to be rising rapidly in the estimation of both Englishmen and Frenchmen.

I am as ready to rap my countrymen's knuckles when they deserve it as any one, but I do not like to see a deserving young man thus abused.

I remain, most respectfully,

Your obedient Servant,

AN AMERICAN.

February 22d, 1841.
N.B. Washington's birth-day reminds me of freedom of speech.

AMATEUR ARTISTS' SOCIETY.

ON Thursday evening the third of these pleasant parties took place at Mr. Antrobus's; and that gentleman himself read a short paper 'On the Uses of a General Knowledge of Geological Structure to Landscape-Painters.' Among the company were Mr. Uwins, R.A.; and Mr. C. Landseer, A.R.A. Some admirable paintings were exhibited, both by amateurs and professional artists. We understand that the next meeting is expected to be graced by the presence of ladies accomplished in the fine arts.

LIEPMANN'S PRINTING OF OIL-PAINTINGS.

YOU will be glad to learn that every possible doubt of the most incredulous person, of the reality of M. Liepmann's interesting discovery, has been removed. The inventor has allowed a number of friends of the arts to witness the process of the printing. It was clearly proved that his method of printing differs entirely from any hitherto known; and, at the same time, requires no after touches with the pencil. Several of the company, who are well-known and eminent persons, had written their names on the canvass prepared for the impression, and in a few minutes the female assistant of the inventor had completed the printing of the picture, which was a miniature portrait of Francis Mæris, in the same room, and in the presence of the whole assembled party, whom the inventor had not left for a moment. Several of our most distinguished artists have spoken very favourably of the invention; and we may, therefore, expect that the government will patronise a man who, though his reputation has for some years been extended throughout Europe, is unfortunately not able, in consequence of his straitened circumstances, to bring his important invention to that degree of perfection, of which, in his opinion, it is capable.

The Prussian "State Gazette" contains the following article on the same subject:—

"A great number of persons of distinction in this city were yesterday invited by the artist to witness the operation of his machine, and to convince themselves of the wonderful rapidity with which he produces a most beautifully executed oil-painting. A small wooden frame, covered with canvass, was presented to each of the persons present, who wrote his name on the back of it. These frames were then delivered to a young girl, who is the assistant of M. Liepmann, and, in a few minutes, every copy was returned with a coloured ground-plan, if it may be so expressed, of the picture; the lines and tone of colour were more decided, the oftener it was put into the machine, till, at length, there appeared on each frame a perfect copy of the portrait of Francis Mæris, in the Royal Museum of this city, which required nothing more than the glazing and putting in the high lights, as is done in an oil-painting just finished with the pencil. It is to be observed, that this portrait of Mæris is celebrated for its beautiful carnation, and for its extremely difficult and varied tone of colour; and M. Liepmann made choice of it, as well on this account, as because many doubts were expressed when he made his well-known copy after Rembrandt, whether a picture of smaller dimensions could be produced by the new process. The artist has proved what he can effect by his invention. It is to be wished that M. Liepmann, who is in ill health, and has expended all the profits of his 'Rembrandt' in the construction of his new large machine, which is not quite finished, may meet with suitable encouragement."

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre is announced to open with *Glü Orazj ed i Curiazj*, on the 9th of March; with but a mediocre company either for dance or song. Some new dancers and singers, however, are in the list; and Mario, it is stated, has been got from Paris "with considerable difficulty." Pauline Garcia (now Madame Viardot) is the prima donna, and Persiani is expected in a fortnight, so that "Tancredi" may be performed before Easter. Grisi and Lablache are to be forthcoming afterwards, and Rubini "has yielded to the earnest solicitations of his friends, and consented to delay for one season longer his retirement from the stage." In May, Cerito is promised; and in June, Tagliioni, for a farewell engagement; so that if the beginning be but so-so, the conclusion may be interesting.

Covent Garden.—On Thursday, after the *Mussummer Night's Dream*, a pleasant trifle, adapted from the French, and called *The Captain of the Watch*, was produced here. Being short, animated, prettily costumed, and played with much spirit by Messrs. Bartley, Mathews, J. Vining, Mrs. W. Lacy, and Mrs. Humby, the audience gave a decided verdict in its favour, to which we say cordially "So be it."

Haymarket.—On Thursday, a piece in two acts, entitled *The King's Barber*, was brought out here, with Wallack in the principal part of the *Barber*. We regret to say that it was destitute of dramatic merit, and was coldly endured to the end. No acting could redeem its radical faults in construction, action, and dialogue; and, with Mr. Webster's experience of the stage, we were surprised to see such a production offered to the public.

Miss Kelly's Theatre.—On Monday we had the pleasure of witnessing a renewed attempt by this accomplished artiste to sustain what has been called a monologue, or dramatic representation of nearly four hours' continuance, by herself "alone." If our memory does not fail us, it was entirely, or nearly, the same as that produced at the little Strand Theatre some half-dozen years ago; the dialogue (for the many characters assumed make the text so, though delivered by a single speaker) pointed and racy, except where the remembrances of the Kembles, Siddons', and Jordans, now no more, teach finer feelings, and are couched in touching words. Miss Kelly was as much agitated as if she had never faced an audience before, which rather interfered with her arrangements than impeded the force and effect of her exertions. To say the truth, we were rather pained at seeing the effort cost her so much; and were only recalled from that sensation by the wonderful variety and extent of the mimetic and dramatic powers she displayed. The framework is too much; not so the filling up of the pictures. In all her personations she exhibited extraordinary talent, but her servant Sally, who has kept company with John Jones, her Scotch fish-wife, her Irish cab-driver, and several others, are perfection. No doubt the tremor will have worn away before this meets the public eye, as the performances are thrice a week, on alternate nights, and all we would advise is, to make it no more than three hours.

German Operas.—Herr Schumann has finally succeeded in obtaining a locale at Drury Lane Theatre, and the *German Operas* are advertised to commence there some time during next month. The

Concerts d'Hiver will consequently close in two weeks, and cease to be till the middle of

July, when the *Concerts d'Été* will succeed them.

Bal Masque.—We were "foud" enough to suppose that an entertainment of this kind could be conducted in such a manner as to deserve to succeed in England. We were grossly mistaken. The theatre was filled in every part, and a general decorum, approaching to dulness, was prevalent throughout spectators and masquers. The latter might possibly have warmed into character had there been time and opportunity; but the contrivers of these things seem to know better, and, by employing a number of actors to occupy the whole business, they manage to make the masquerade an offensive and demoralising spectacle. Thus the main part of the dancing space was, during the night, taken up by a hired set of French, or mixed, performers, attempting the *can-can* of Paris—a flagitious scene which ought not to have been tolerated for a minute, and which did, even in this tolerant circle, meet with some decided marks of reprobation. Several of the women behaved very indecently, and thereby gave a good example and stimulus to the native impures, who, as Jockeys or Greek boys, or in their real character, crowded the floor. There was not an effort at aught beyond the dress by any one, except the latter; and tipsy sport and noisy jollity soon pervaded the lower parts of the theatre. A small party of fashionable ruffians, without masks, pushed people about with an audacity inspired by Lord Chief Justice Denman and champagne, which added considerably to the hilarity of the company; and what with their loud blackguard remarks, responded to by ladies and gentlemen of the same kidney, but masked, the ball was kept up till daylight (as we have been told) with unabated spirit and licentiousness!!

Hanover Square Rooms.—*Quartette Concerts.*—The sixth season of these concerts commenced on Thursday evening, when Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, assisted by Mrs. Anderson, gave an excellent selection of concerted instrumental music from Beethoven, Reber, A. Romberg, and Mozart, performed with the well-known ability we have so often praised. Madame Caridori and Mr. Hobbs were the vocalists of the evening, and delighted a full audience in some favourite airs.

VARIETIES.

Improved Barometer.—At the last meeting of the Ashmolean Society, at Oxford, Dr. Daubeny exhibited a barometer for measuring heights, of a new construction, made by Buntin, of Paris, which completely obviates the risk of fracture and of derangement to which these instruments are liable in travelling, as constructed in this country. The principal improvements in it were introduced by M. Gay Lussac, who bent the tube in the form of a syphon, and, after filling it with mercury, sealed it at both ends hermetically, thus preventing the escape of the metal, as in barometers with a leather or iron cistern, whilst the pressure of the atmosphere was admitted by means of a capillary aperture on the side of the shorter limb, too small to allow of a particle of mercury oozing through. The maker of this barometer, M. Buntin, has likewise made some further improvements by a contrivance to prevent the air from passing up the tube, and thus deranging its indications when the instrument is shaken in travelling.—*Oxford Herald.*

London University.—The annual meeting of the Council and proprietors of the University College took place on Wednesday: when the

report of the last year was read, and a ballot took place for the election of Treasurer: Mr. W. Tooke being opposed by Mr. J. Taylor, on account of the Finsbury politics. The result was the re-election of Mr. Tooke, the ballot being 91 to 89.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

February.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 18	From 37 to 50	29.34 to 29.47
Friday 19 40 .. 49	29.55 .. 29.70
Saturday .. 20 33 .. 50	29.72 .. 29.67
Sunday 21 39 .. 51	30.03 .. 30.19
Monday 22 29 .. 43	30.23 .. 30.25
Tuesday .. 23 36 .. 42	30.24 .. 30.20
Wednesday 24 39 .. 40	30.20 .. 30.22

Winds, south on the 18th, south-west on the 19th, south on the 20th; since, north-east.

On the 19th, clear; the 19th, evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with small rain; the 20th, morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with small rain; the 21st, morning overcast; afternoon and evening clear; the 22d, morning foggy, otherwise overcast; the 23d, afternoon clear, otherwise overcast; the 24th, a general overcast, rain in the afternoon, wind boisterous in the evening.

Rain fallen, .27 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Owing to the inexperience of a person in our publisher's office, and not having the editor's attention called to the subject at the printer's, an advertisement was inadvertently admitted into our last number such as it has always been our decided rule to exclude from the *Literary Gazette*. Several Reviews and Contributions are unavoidably postponed to make room for new matter.

We often get odd suggestions, &c. &c.:

Mr. Editor.—In your No. 1257, page 126, line 30, you say, "What is to become of the climbing boys when the new act comes into operation in July 1841?" Why not make sailors of them? Their climbing education will surely turn to account in swarming the masts and steady- ing the head when aloft! I merely throw out this hint for your consideration, as your *Gazette* is so widely circulated that your opinion upon the subject will be sure to be attended to. YOUR ADMIRER.

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ECCLESIASTICAL MAP of the DIOCESE of LONDON. In the "British Magazine" for March will be given an Ecclesiastical Map of the Diocese of London, adapted at once to its past history and present state; being the third of a series of Ecclesiastical Maps of the Dioceses of England, commenced with the new year in that work. The February Number contains the Diocese of York; the January Number that of Canterbury. Advertisements received until the 25th inst.

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